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# Life

MAY 5, 1921  
VOL. 77

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NO. 2009



*Chasing Butterflies*

Parfum  
*Un Air Embaume*

Rouge  
Sachet  
Extrait  
Toilet Case  
Face Powder  
Toilet Water  
Talcum Powder  
Solid Face Powder



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nd







## If Ponce de Leon Had Found Paradise Spring—

One of the first white men to land on the shores of America, this adventurous Spaniard roamed fruitlessly through Florida in search of a "Fountain of Youth." And all the while, way up in what is now the state of Maine, flowed Paradise Spring!

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When our sweethearts are our  
wives, then our wives are our  
sweethearts.

Which means this: that the Wives' Number of LIFE is coming next week. Your wife will be in that number, and if you are a poor, miserable but hopeful bachelor, you may be able to find your sweetheart there too.

This Wives' Number will be followed by a Husbands' Number, in which (contrary to nature) husbands will have the last word.

*Wives' Number — May 12*  
*Husbands' Number — May 19*

To miss these two coming numbers  
of LIFE would be a calamity. Obey  
That Matrimonial Impulse.



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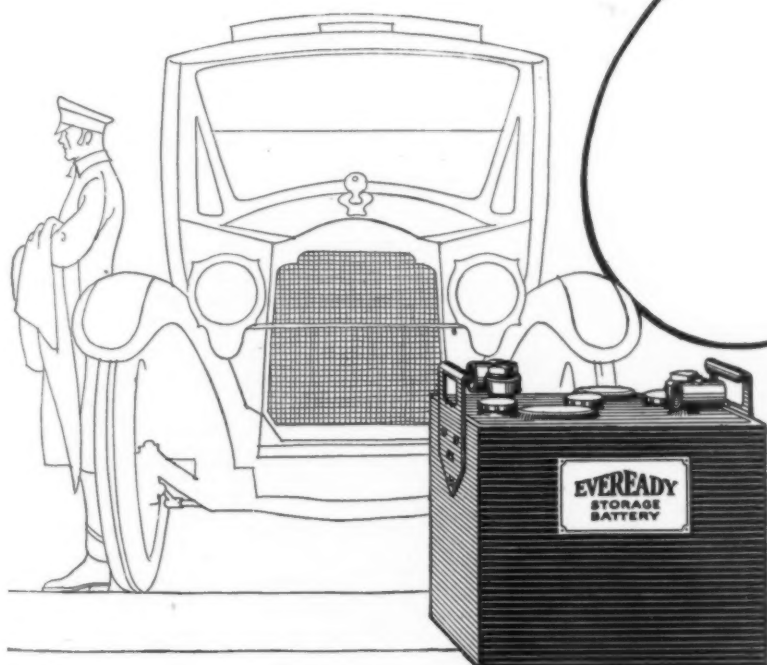
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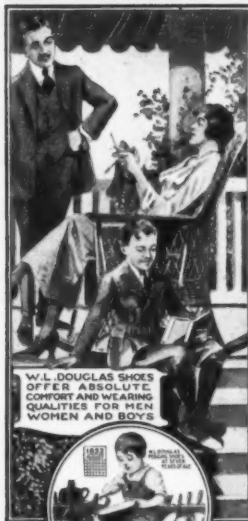
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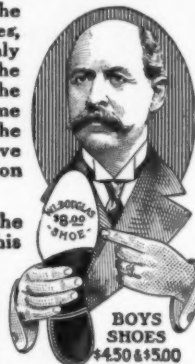
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A BUSY Executive tells the file clerk to find the folder on pomegranates. The Personnel Manager finds the folder on the file clerk's desk, when the clerk is too lazy to put it away, and concludes that the clerk has an interest in pomegranates.

File Clerk's abstraction in moments of idleness interpreted as speculation in his field of alleged interest.

This interpretation of his increasing idleness results in a raise.

Guesses rightly between pomegranate and tomato. Gets another raise.

Reads two-paragraph notice on pomegranate crop in Siberia.

Becomes Confidential Adviser on Pomegranates.

Signs article on uses of pomegranate pulp in Foreign Trade review.

Becomes International Authority on Foreign Trade.

Sends File Clerk for folder on pomegranates.

### That Doesn't Count!

"TO a keen observer, a person's face clearly reflects that person's state of mind," the thoughtful one declared impressively.

"Oh, I hardly think so," the cheerful idiot responded. "For instance, you wouldn't contend that almost every girl you meet had her mind constantly made up, would you?"

IN polite society it is not referred to as obtaining a divorce but as liquidating marriage bonds.

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A trip abroad without the trouble! A glamour of medieval times hovers over the quaint city. Its picturesque past is the charm of its present—fascinating and delightful.

Every day of the year the Chateau Frontenac dispenses a royal hospitality, the comforts and luxuries of Paris and New York and the perfect service of a Canadian Pacific Hotel. Music and dancing. And always interesting people. Your reservations for the Spring and Summer should be made now.

### CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTELS

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Fine roads for motoring via Montreal—where you will stop at the Place Viger a Canadian Pacific Hotel.



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## Rhymed Reviews

### A Poor Wise Man

(By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Geo. H. Doran Co.)

"PUT down that vile Heptameron!"  
My conscience growled; "You lazy  
hard, you,  
And sing of Willy Cameron  
And sweet, but wilful, Lily Cardew!"

They met in doughnut-time in France;  
But while his heart was wholly Lily's  
He knew he didn't stand a chance;  
Her folks were much more grand than  
Willy's.

They owned tremendous iron works  
In Pennsylvania's foundry section;  
A paragon of drug-store clerks  
Could have no hopes in her direction.

And yet (when home, you comprehend)  
He said, "I love you, Lily Cardew;  
And if you ever need a friend,  
Remember, I am here to guard you."

Now this was not an idle boast;  
By foiling schemes of awful rotters  
He saved the city from a host  
Of wicked anarchistic plotters;

And while with Harry, Dick and Tom  
He held the streets against attackers,  
The girl herself he rescued from  
A handsome wretch named Louis Akers.

So last we see the Cardew hall,  
And coming down the stair is Lily  
In bridal garments, fair and tall,  
While waiting at the foot is Willy!

And not before the world is purged  
Of all injustice, low and sordid,  
Shall Vice be more condignly scourged  
And Virtue quite so well rewarded.

Arthur Guiterman.

## "STAMMERING" Its Cause and Cure

You can be quickly cured. Send 10 cents for 288  
Page cloth bound book on Stammering and Stutter-  
ing. It tells how I cured myself after Stammering  
and Stuttering for 20 years. BENJAMIN N. BOGUE.  
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CHAS. H. JOHNSTON - BOX 301 - WEST END, PITTSBURGH, PA.



# A Surprise Awaits you in this ten-day test

This is to urge that you brush  
teeth for ten days in a new way.  
Combat the film. Bring other good  
effects. The whiter, cleaner, safer  
teeth will be a delightful surprise.  
To millions of people this meth-  
od is bringing a new era in teeth  
cleaning.

## It combats film

One object is to fight the film—  
that viscous film you feel. This is  
the teeth's great enemy. It dims the  
teeth and causes most tooth troubles.

Film clings to teeth, gets between  
the teeth and stays. The ordinary  
tooth paste does not effectively  
combat it. So night and day it may  
do a damage which few people have  
escaped.

It is the film-coat that discolors,  
not the teeth. Film is the basis of  
tartar. It holds food substance  
which ferments and forms acid. It  
holds the acid in contact with the  
teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They,  
with tartar, are the chief cause of  
pyorrhea. Despite the tooth brush,  
all these troubles have been con-  
stantly increasing.

## New methods now

Dental science, after diligent re-  
search, has found effective film  
combatants. Able authorities have  
amply proved them. Now leading

**Pepsodent** PAT. OFF.  
REG. U.S.

## The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every  
application brings five desired effects.  
Approved by highest authorities, and now  
advised by leading dentists everywhere.  
All druggists supply the large tubes.

dentists, in Europe and America,  
advise their daily use.

The methods are embodied in a  
dentifrice called Pepsodent. And  
millions of people have already  
adopted it.

## Watch these desired effects

Pepsodent combats the film in two  
effective ways. Then it leaves the  
teeth so highly polished that film-  
coats cannot easily adhere.

It also brings other effects which  
modern authorities desire. It mul-  
tiplies the salivary flow, as certain  
foods would do. That is Nature's  
great tooth-protecting agent.

It multiplies the starch digestant  
in the saliva, to digest starch de-  
posits which otherwise cling and  
may form acid. It multiplies the  
alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize  
the acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus twice a day it brings to  
users unique tooth protection.

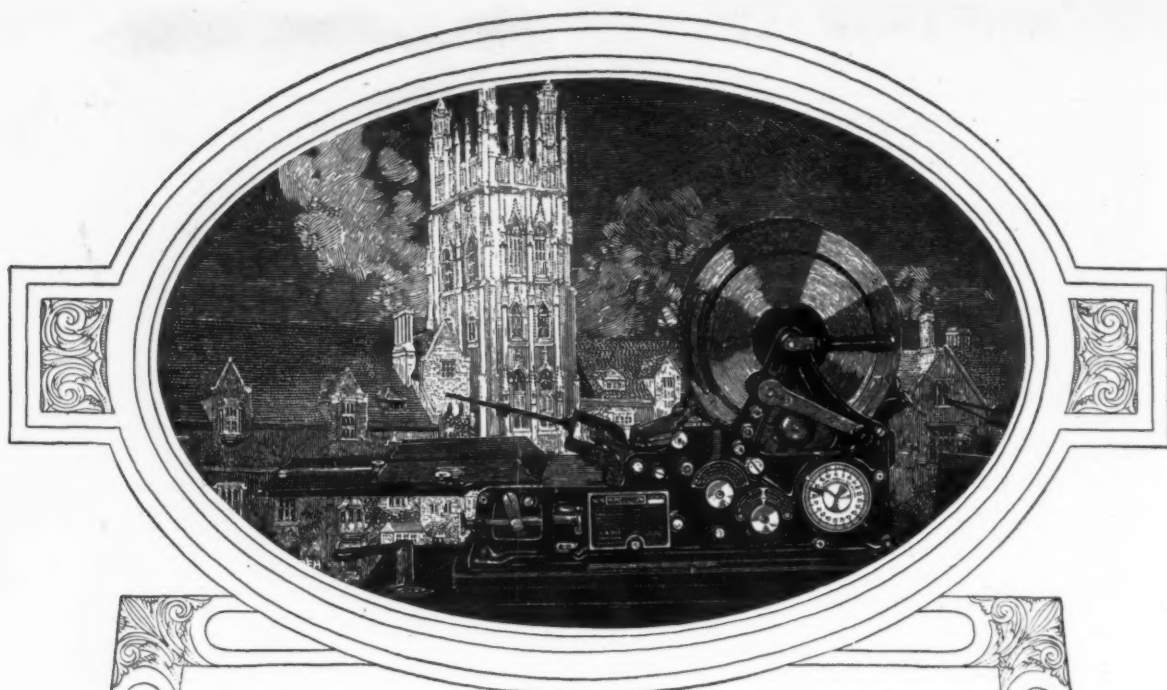
Send the coupon for a 10-Day  
Tube. Note how clean the teeth  
feel after using. Mark the absence  
of the viscous film. See how teeth  
whiten as the film-coat disappears.  
Read in our book the scientific  
reason for each new effect.

Do this now. It is most import-  
ant, both to you and yours. It may  
lead to life-long benefits which you  
cannot afford to miss.

## 10-Day Tube Free

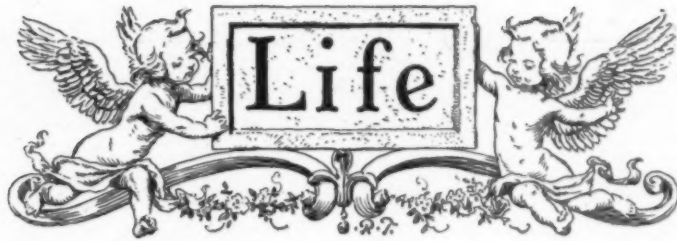
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## May Breezes

By Mary Coles Carrington

WHITHER wouldst thou lead my feet,  
Roving winds of May?  
Through green lanes with lilac sweet  
Where young lovers love to meet  
And old couples stray?

Whither wouldst thou lead my eye,  
Laughing winds of May?  
Past the nesting birds on high  
To the blossom-snows that fly  
At thy bidding gay?

Whither wouldst thou lead my thought,  
Whispering winds of May?  
Down dim glades with mystery fraught,  
Emerald-veiled, where, long unsought,  
Nymph and dryad play?

Whither wouldst thou lead my heart,  
Sighing winds of May?  
Since my love and I did part  
Lead us, by some happy art,  
Back to Yesterday!

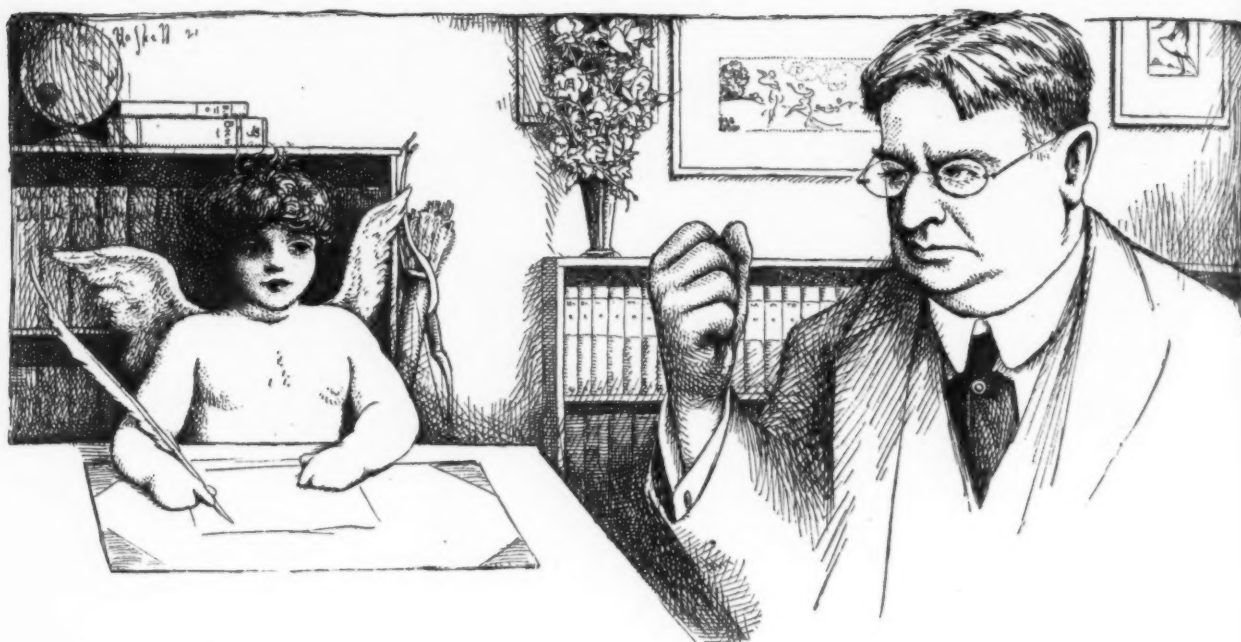


THERE'S A REASON FOR EVERYTHING

"ARE HIS PICTURES REALLY ANY GOOD?"

"I THINK THEY MUST BE; ALL THE OTHER ARTISTS ARE KNOCKING THEM."





"I'M A BAD MAN FROM THE GOLDEN GATE."

## Sanctum Talks

LIFE presents Mr. Hiram Johnson, late of California



ELL, Hiram, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"What should I have to say for myself? Did you ever hear me say anything for myself?"

"There was a time—"

"But, LIFE—"

"But, Hiram—"

"Don't call me Hiram. I feel undignified enough already associating with that New York Traction gang, and—and—"

"Well, what, Mr. Johnson?"

"Trying to get some California culture into brother Hylan."

"Does he need it?"

"LIFE, you don't know the half of it. However, that isn't what I came in to see you about. Are we alone?"

"We are, Hiram Johnson, but don't worry. I'll see that it all gets out."

"Good! 1924 is coming and every little helps. Now then, LIFE, what's the matter with me? I may be slightly pro-German, and I may hate myself too much, but somehow or other I just miss it. I'm a scrapper! I'm a bad man from the Golden Gate."

"That sounds as if you were getting

acclimated to New York, Mr. Johnson. The difference between the Golden Gate and Hell Gate—"

"Don't interrupt me. When I rattle my teeth the cupolas tremble, the shingles slide off the roof, and foreign nations faint with fear. I'm one hundred and thirty per cent. Milwaukee American at least. Then what is it I lack?"

"Nothing, Mr. Johnson, nothing. On the contrary."

"You mean—?"

"I mean that you have too much."

"Too much! Impossible! Too much of what?"

"Of the article you've just mentioned—Culture."

"Aha! Then you've discovered my secret?"

"I have, Mr. Johnson. This is confidential, of course."

"And I thought I concealed it. I

thought nobody knew how cultured I was."

"Penalty of true greatness."

"Penalty of nothing. I may have been born great, but I'm a shrinking violet, and I thought—"

"You thought that with your flamboyant exterior, with your rough Al Jolson manner, you could conceal the hidden wealth of culture and true modesty which shines forth so brightly, although you may not know it. Ah! That we could know ourselves! I speak as a friend. That's what ruined you."

"Then all hope is lost?"

"Not so, not so! You may never be president, but be consoled with the fact that henceforth it will be your mission to go about uplifting Mayor Hylan and putting the fear of God into the stubborn hearts of traction magnates. That's your life work. Good morning, Mister Hiram."

"Guten Morgen, LIFE."



FATHER (*reproving small daughter*): Don't do that again, Dorothy, I don't like it.

SMALL DAUGHTER: But, Daddy, you do lots of things I don't like.



## Boys Will Be Boys

Drawn by A. B. Frost.



"IT IS GOING TO RAIN, BUT I DON'T CARE—LET'S PLAY ON."  
 "OH, BY ALL MEANS."



"I DON'T MIND A WETTING."  
 "IT NEVER HURTS ME."



"A GOOD HOT SHOWER WHEN WE GET IN."  
 "THAT'S THE THING, CAN'T TAKE COLD."



"I'M GLAD WE FINISHED. WE HAD A BULLY GAME."  
 "I WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED IT FOR ANYTHING."



"I WANTED TO QUIT, BUT THAT OLD FOOL BROWN INSISTED  
 ON PLAYING IT OUT."



"I WANTED TO QUIT, BUT THAT OLD FOOL SMITH INSISTED  
 ON PLAYING IT OUT."

A.B. Frost

## A Hymn of Hate

I HATE the Drama;  
It cuts in on my sleep.

There is the Clean Play;  
The one you take Aunt Etta to see  
After a day's sightseeing in the financial district.  
The hero is the man from Back Home,  
With the blameless life and the creaseless trousers,—  
A real rough rhinestone.  
He may not be so strong on grammar,  
But he loves children and sleeping outdoors.  
The heroine sneers at him in Act I,  
But after he has shown up the effete aristocracy,  
And received news that they've struck oil  
Back in the Little Marigold well,  
She listens to reason.  
And when the curtain falls at eleven o'clock,  
They are starting out for the Great, Clean West together,—  
Three hours too late.

Then there is the Comedy of Manners;  
The manners provide most of the comedy.  
It is all about the goings-on in titled circles,—  
How Her Grace's handkerchief  
Was found in Sir Arthur's diggings.  
Tea flows like water,  
Butlers are everywhere,  
And there is practically no stint to the epigrams  
About there being two kinds of husbands:  
Your own, and the kind that is in love with you.  
Everybody stands about,  
Gesticulating with cucumber sandwiches,  
And saying, "Oh, Lord Cyril, what a cynic you are!"  
There is always a little country ingenue  
Who tearfully goes back home in the last act,

Declaring that those society people are all rotten,—  
She said it.

There is the Farthest North performance  
Of the Play That Makes You Think,—  
Makes you think that you should have gone to the movies.  
It is translated from the Norwegian;  
They might just as well give it in the original.  
All the lighting is dim  
So that the actors' faces can scarcely be distinguished,  
Which is doubtless all for the best.  
The heroine is invariably Misunderstood,—  
Probably because of her accent.  
She is a regular little Glad Girl,  
Always falling in love with an innocent bystander,  
Or finding that she has married her uncle by mistake,  
Or going out into the night and slamming the door.  
And things come to a rousing climax  
In a nice, restful suicide, or a promising case of insanity.  
You tell 'em, Ibsen; you've got the Scandinavian rights.

And there is the Allegorical Drama;  
It becomes as sounding brass or a tinkling symbol.  
The critics can always find subtle shades of meaning in it,—  
The triumph of mind over Maeterlinck.  
The actors play the parts  
Of Light, Joy, Beauty, and Imagination,  
While the audience represent Ennui and Bewilderment.  
The leading character is searching for Happiness.  
And after hunting through four acts, twenty-seven scenes,  
And a company of three hundred, exclusive of stage-hands,  
He finally discovers it at home,—  
Would to Heaven he had looked there in the first place!

I hate the Drama;  
It cuts in on my sleep.

Dorothy Parker.



SOME ADDED CANDIDATES FOR THE HALL OF FAME.



Drawn by PERRY BARLOW.

The Lure of the City.



## The Sedative and the Tonic

By E. V. LUCAS

I SUPPOSE that of the Americans who cross the Atlantic to visit Europe, the majority are bent upon pleasure and pure travel and the minority on business; whereas with the English who go to America, the reverse is the case. Very few English are attracted by America as a land to wander in for the joy of seeing and admiring. But how absurd this is! The English are just as much in need of a new country to study as the Americans are in need of the Old World to rest themselves in: those who retain any capacity to rest themselves anywhere!

If the great lure of the Old World to the Americans is its Old Worldliness, there should be a similar attraction to the Englishman in the New Worldliness of the New. I am convinced that it is as important for an Englishman to see New York as it is for an American to see London or Paris. The Yellowstone Park is as well worth visiting as Venice, and Niagara as the cathedral at Chartres. For every American who goes to Stratford-on-Avon, an Englishman should go to Mount Vernon. For every American who reveres the Invalides, an Englishman should revere the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, that superb and dignified temple. It is as important for an Englishman to see Fifth Avenue as it is for an American to see Westminster Abbey; not merely because Fifth Avenue's traffic is now so perfectly under control, but to absorb some of the vitality of that thoroughfare and to study the alert wayfarers and the efficient shops.

Even more so it is a good educative thing for the English to taste the savors of a Republic. It is the kind of corrective that many of us need.

"America," a traveler was saying the other day, "is too democratic for me. I'll give you an example. I went to have my nails done in a big manicure saloon in New York, and all the time the girl attending me was talking to the girl at the next chair. In London that would be impossible: each girl would be giving her

plaining of a certain leisureliness and formality in English life, and failing to realize that it might be very good for them as a remedy for too much restlessness. That should be part of England's value to the over-hustling. The American who said to the guide at the British Museum, "Now understand, I want to see

everything, but I don't want to see anything twice," was not the best type of tourist.

It is absurd to scamper through England. England, for the American, should be a sedative, and America, for the Englishman, a tonic.

### Problem

LITTLE girl (watching her mother sprinkling her furs with naphthaline powder and placing them away in the cupboards): What do you do that for, mother?

"To keep the moths away, dear."

"Why?"

"Because moths eat clothes, dear."

"Were there moths in the Garden of Eden, when Adam and Eve lived there, mother?"

"Of course, dear."

"Well, what did they eat, mother?"

### New Stuff

"WHAT shall we say of this Representative in Congress?"

"Oh, say he's a two-fisted American."

"But it's a lady."

### A Rising Star

"I HEAR you have an infant prodigy in your family. So have we."

"Indeed. Who is he?"

"Grandpa."

BELLEVILLE: Is Glenshaw getting ready for the fishing season?

BUTLER: Well, I saw him buying an enlarging device for his camera.



### THE FIRST STEP

Said a friend to cute Florence Adair,  
"You're taking up art, I declare—  
Had your first lesson, Flo?"

"Yes, I'll tell the world so—  
Don't you see?—it was bobbing my hair!"

client her individual care. Such conversations would not be tolerated."

"Were your nails badly done?" I asked.

"No," he said, "I can't say that they were, but I was nervous all the while and irritated."

"Perhaps," I said, "that is one of the reasons why America is good for us—to wean us from such impatiences and get some of the feudal superstition out of us. It was only a reminder that Jill can be as good as her master and that the world does not topple if she is."

Similarly I can imagine Americans com-



## The Herford Aesop

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### THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

A THIRSTY Fox once saw some fine Ripe Grapes that hung on a tall vine. "Just what I'm longing for!" cried he, And sprang to get them eagerly. Alas! the clusters hung so high He could not reach them. By and by, Finding his efforts all in vain, His longing turned into disdain; "They're only fit," snarled he, "for Apes. What do I want with Sour Grapes!"

### The Dominic Speaks



THE impression conveyed to our minds by "The Mirrors of Downing Street" (a cleverly provocative title), is that of a schoolmaster's report. Its formidable indictments and its grudging praise have the true pedagogic ring. It is careful, categorical, conscientious. It implies genuine regret that the moral and intellectual status of pupils at a good school should be so often unsatisfactory. It speaks *ex cathedra*. Michelangelo's "Last Judgment" is not more final, or more explicit in enunciating its finality. The reports read something like this:

*David Lloyd George.* Head boy. Capable, strong-willed, persevering. Has done well in his class, but is falling into idle habits. Lacks moral integrity. Has a regrettable taste for low associates, and an unfortunate vulgarity of mind.

*Herbert Henry Asquith.* Former head boy. Intelligent, but lacking in force. Defective character. Well-intentioned, but easily turned from the right path. There is reason to believe that the levity of his domestic circle has undermined the original seriousness of his disposition.

*Arthur James Balfour.* A bright lad, but slack. Disposed to miserliness. Lacks purpose and firm resolve. Is popular with his schoolmates; but is selfish, egotistical, and sometimes ungentlemanly in his behavior.

*Robert Edgar Algernon Cecil.* A very gentlemanly boy of good principles; but diffident and ineffective. A disappointment to his teachers who had hoped he would be a moral influence in the school.

*Alfred Charles William Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe.* A lad of fair intelligence, and quick, but anacoluthic mind. Un-

### THE WOLF AND THE WATCH-DOG

A WOLF who saw a Watch-dog sleek, Chained in a farmyard, stopped to speak. "They feed you well," said he, "'tis plain; But why that unbecoming chain?" "Oh, that's a sort of badge of trust," Replied the Dog. "I wear it just To please the Boss. I scarcely know I have it on, the thing is so Extremely light." "H'm, that may be," Returned the Wolf, "but not for me! I'd rather starve! However light, A chain would spoil my appetite!"



developed for his years. Sets a bad example to the pupils whom he leads. His faults are thought to be due in some measure to ill health, and might be modified by medical attendance.

*Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill.* A talented boy who fails to improve his opportunities. Works hard but fitfully. Lacks moral force and steadiness of purpose. Associates too freely with his inferiors.

It may be said that a schoolmaster whose reports were so unmitigatedly severe would not be popular with the families of his pupils. This is true; but if we conceive of him sending these reports to the families of other boys, secretly envious of the high-class, high-priced, exclusive Downing Street school, we can imagine what pleasure they would give.

Agnes Repplier.

### On Being Naughty

WE cannot always be as naughty as we like. The most we can hope for is to do the best we can. Naughtiness is not necessarily a high explosive; in some cases it is only parlor fireworks. Pursued for itself alone, naughtiness would rapidly become monotonous. It is the nice admixture of naughtiness in our daily affairs—accompanied of course with a high moral purpose—that makes for what one might term the balance of personal power. As a background for better things, it is not to be despised. Human nature seems to require a certain measure of contrast in order to free itself from hypocrisy and fanaticism. All those naughty boys who have made good cannot be dismissed without a hearing. In their own defense they have but to bring up all the good boys who eventually became hopelessly naughty.

## Sounder Among the Disabled

LIFE'S Famous Correspondent Sees the Bright Side of Red Tape

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, April 30.—I have been having some discussions lately with Brigadier-General Sawyer over the question of relief for the disabled veterans of the war. He seems to think that I and the other members of our little frat on Capitol Hill ought to do something about it, just as if he were making a new suggestion. Now, as a matter of fact, we have been doing a great deal about it, and I did not hesitate to tell him so.

If you will look at any file of Memorial Day orations or High School graduation addresses delivered by American legislators, you will find that they have all with splendid courage advocated relief for our disabled soldiers. Ever since the soldiers began to need relief, the subject has been constantly in our minds; in fact, I maintain we have done all that human legislators could do, except to pass the necessary legislation. If you want further proof that I and my distinguished colleagues have not neglected our soldiers, turn to the rotogravure section of any Sunday newspaper, and observe the happy smiling faces of the boys at the ——— Hospital, having their hands shaken by a Distinguished Visitor.

### Those Happy, Smiling Faces

You will have to use your imagination, since the Distinguished Visitor invariably occupies most of the foreground; but the happy, smiling faces are there just the same. They are smiling because they have just listened for an hour and twenty-six minutes to an address entitled, "America Does Not Forget Her Heroes."

I myself have spoken in 367 hospitals on a wide variety of topics, ranging from "What I Have Done for Americanism," to "My Services to the Progress of My Country." The response has been truly gratifying. For example, one of the men said to me:

"We are never so contented with the usual uninterrupted routine of our lives, as after experiencing a visit from you."

And the head nurse of another ward thanked me with tears in her eyes for the good I had done her patients. "If you could come every day, Senator," she said, "they would be completely cured." She was, I believe, in charge of the Insomnia ward.

In considering any question I



THE PATIENTS AT ANY SOLDIERS' HOSPITAL BEING PHOTOGRAPHED TOGETHER WITH ANY DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

am, by nature, disposed to look at the bright side of it. For instance, when I found that our government hospitals for disabled soldiers are badly overcrowded, that 5,000 men are entering the hospitals every month whereas only 3,500 are leaving them, I was inclined at first to be rather gloomy. But I soon uncovered the fact that in the hospitals under the federal departments there are 12,000 empty beds, which are unavailable to the soldiers. My faith in our government returned at once. The organization must be wonderfully efficient, or something, when with



HE SEEMS TO THINK THAT WE OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

the hospitals crammed full and men waiting their turn, it can keep 12,000 beds empty, as a sort of reserve, I suppose, against I don't know what.

In the same way I am inclined to think that the red tape which has entangled the disabled soldier has its bright side. I recall off-hand the case of a private suffering from some illness, who tried to get into a government hospital; but because his aunt had married a man of German extraction he had to get a permit from the Alien Property Custodian; in filing the permit he neglected to write out his middle name in full, which automatically transferred the case to the War Risk Insurance Bureau; that department, after investigating his income-tax papers for six months, gave him the necessary permission. But by that time he had fully recovered. Who can say that he would have been so fortunate if he had got into the hospital in the first place?

Again, consider the soldier who, because of various technicalities, was treated successively for shell-shock, appendicitis, and color-blindness, although the doctors knew that his real complaint was chronic indigestion. For all we know this bit of extra medical treatment, while it may have been irksome at the time, may save him a good deal of discomfort in after life.

### And So to Sum Up

General Sawyer is taking an alarmist's view in urging Congress to do something at once. The only justifiable criticisms that can be made against our care of the men who fought the war for us are that we let them be handed about from department to department, when they are seeking immediate relief; that instead of giving them the very finest hospital care that we can, we put them into overcrowded and often inadequate hospitals; that we sometimes let them lie there after they are completely cured, waiting week after week for the discharge papers that will set them free; that we have on occasion withheld medicines because of division of authority; that we have made them wait interminably for their compensation; in short, that we have shamefully neglected them.

After all those are only trifling hardships to bear for the sake of being called "our heroes," and "the saviors of our country."

Senator Sounder.



### Unfamiliar Anniversaries—No. 6.

By TENGREN

#### *Newton Discovers a Law*

IT is admitted that this picture, showing Sir Isaac Newton receiving the suggestion which culminated in the discovery of the universal law of gravitation, may be inaccurate in certain details. Critics may logically contend that the sensation caused by such a severe collision between falling fruit and the human proboscis would tend to create other than scientific reflections, but it is to be remembered that the artist worked at random and had no information as to just what section of the great savant's reasoning apparatus received the epoch-making blow.

The daffodils, petunias, orchids, poison ivy and other exotics in which Sir Isaac is nestled, have almost nothing to do with gravitation, but are there to prove that he was fastidious in the choice of locations. What more interesting than a landscape with night taking place in two parts and the rest filled with wallpaper decorations blossoming in the noonday sun?

Newton also discovered that the radius of a superliteral triangle could be passed transversely through the apex of a tangent without harm to the parallax. The incident disclosed in the illustration took place 227 years ago.



## As You Like It

THE subway guard, luxuriating in the substantial dinner his wife had set before him, grew loquacious.

"Funny thing to-night. Tired-lookin' girl hangin' on a strap, sort of pitiful, and a big feller gets up and offers his seat. He stands and chins her, and when he goes to get off he tries to give her a hug. Just then a little feller sittin' alongside butts in and says, 'Here, don't you try to flirt with her,' and the girl gets mad's hops."

The Reverend John Jeremiah Norton wrote that night in his diary: "I saved a young girl's soul to-day. A poor worn-out shop girl she was, whose power of resistance to evil was almost gone. She was being hounded by a great brute in the subway and was evidently ready to go with him when I intervened."

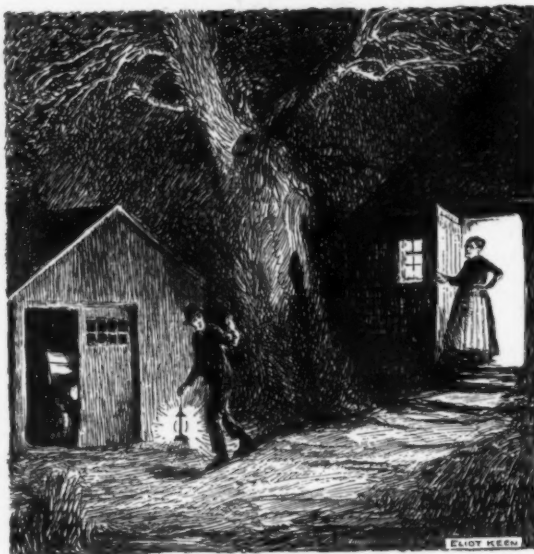
The girl confided to her chum: "I met the handsomest man in the subway—just casually, you know—and when he had to get off he tried to slip me his card, and, would you believe it, a little shrimp sitting beside me interfered."

The man, entering his lodgings, spoke to his roommate:

"Not a damn thing to-night. I almost had a woman's hand-bag, but some stool pigeon gave me away."



Willie (to father trying to take a nap): OH, DAD, I'VE FOUND A LOUDER WAY TO BLOW MY HORN!



## LOCAL GOSSIP

BENNY LITTLEFIELD married the Widder Jason and 'twan't long afore she started in on him—dressin' him down, givin' him Hail Columbie and rakin' him over the coals, till folks reckoned Benny wisht he wuz back in Miss Rideout's boardin' house. Anyhow, he tuck to workin' round his flivver nights, inventin' an improvemint for the gasoline tank, and fust thing he knowed one night all uv a sudden it exploded.

Didn't hurt him none. Benny sez he's been blowed up so many times, oncet more didn't make no difference.

(To be continued in our next.)

## A Matter of Taste

THE young lawyer had no practice at all. It seemed that he never would have any. Drastic measures being necessary, he adopted them.

In his office window he displayed a sign that commanded the attention of the most indifferent passerby: "I will aid, free of charge, any widow who appeals to me."

It was a master stroke. Old ladies, observing the steady stream of widows, chose him for their attorney because of his popularity; old gentlemen with sentimental hearts were touched by his courtesy and put their legal business in his hands; old maids liked to be seen going into his office.

He became well-known, prosperous.

His intimates marveled that he could handle so much business, since the widow portion of his clientele was so great. He merely smiled.

And none of the widows ever betrayed him. Could any woman admit that she had not—quite—appealed to him?

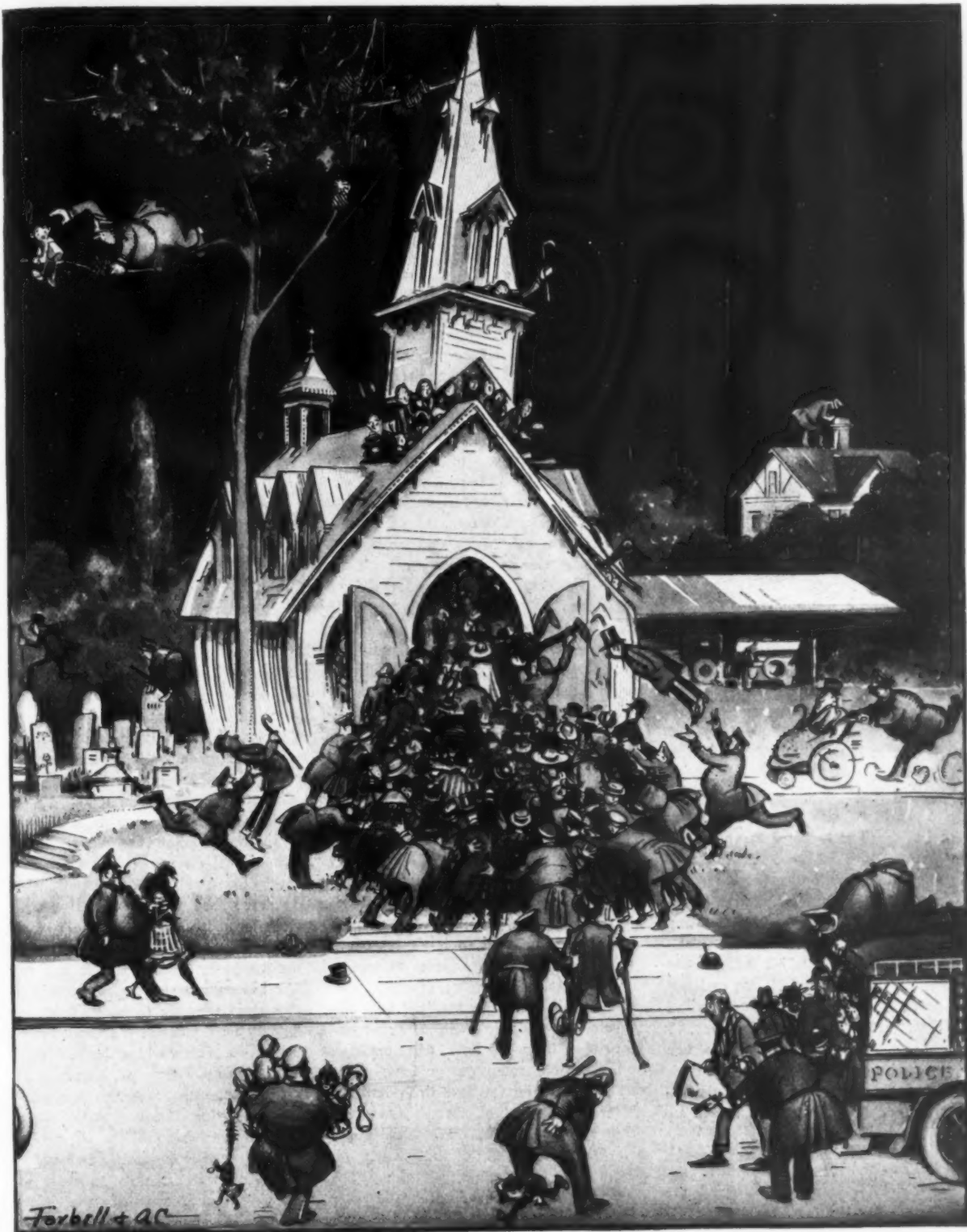
IDEALISTIC REFORMER: What this country needs is a Congress composed of reformers.

PRACTICAL REFORMER: But could we corrupt them?



"JUST TO SETTLE AN ARGUMENT, MA, IS THIS POISON IVY?"





Rounding Up Divine Service Dodgers

Drawn by CHARLES FORBELL.



MAY 5, 1921

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

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tion, they seem likely to be solved in the other way. It cannot be said that they were not thought out. They were thought out after a fashion at Paris, and back of that thinking it was proposed to put an agreement by Great Britain and the United States to see that France suffered no injury from Germany. That proposed agreement was not ratified in Washington, and so it fell through. What was thought out in Paris suffered the same fate so far as this country was concerned. Aloofness of the United States from the settlement of Europe's troubles left Europe to settle them for herself as well as she could.

One result has been the refusal of Germany to pay the reparations assessed upon her under the Treaty by the representatives of the Allies in London. Her representative met them, and made his objections to the assessment, which was somewhat modified to meet them, but Germany has not accepted the modifications. The money and other reparations that France expected have not been paid her, and her forces have intruded into Germany beyond the Rhine, and propose on the first of May, unless satisfactory payments are made, to go still farther—perhaps to Berlin—and apparently to lay hands on what the country contains that can be used to pay the reparations.

This proposed military movement would involve great expense, which is bad, and result in states of mind both in Germany and France which would be likely to be still worse. Probably it would not have been needed if the United States had accepted the part arranged for her in Paris,

**B**ECAUSE the complexities of Europe have not been put in the way of orderly solu-

tion, they seem likely to be solved in the other way. It cannot be said that they were not thought out. They were thought out after a fashion at Paris, and back of that thinking it was proposed to put an agreement by Great Britain and the United States to see that France suffered no injury from Germany. That proposed agreement was not ratified in Washington, and so it fell through. What was thought out in Paris suffered the same fate so far as this country was concerned. Aloofness of the United States from the settlement of Europe's troubles left Europe to settle them for herself as well as she could.

Obviously the reparations nut is hard to crack. Of course France cannot take any considerable part of the reparations due to her out of Germany by force of arms, because the means of payment does not yet exist. The means must be created by German industry over a long term of years. The further invasion of Germany by France will not promote that industry, but retard it. France needs and deserves her money, but if she really does what she is planning, she will not get much of it in that way.

Mr. Cunliffe-Owen, an Englishman, and an accomplished newspaper correspondent who knows many things, suggests in the *Globe* that it would be a good move for General Foch, when he gets to Germany, to seize Hugo Stinnes. He thinks that Stinnes and von Buelow are planning to restore the Hohenzollerns. He points out that Stinnes is enormously rich, having managed in the war and since the war to get hold of properties in Germany of incalculable value, and to have got control of great industrial enterprises in most of the other countries in Europe.

Stinnes is generally credited with vast possessions—possibly with a great deal more than he really has. He stands out as the great German war-profitier, and is one of those men whose droll and preposterous habits of acquisition make property seem a joke. Mr. Carnegie, in his day, was a little that way; Mr. Rockefeller still more so. They both by exaggerated acquisition made property seem unreal and jocular, but the very Charlie Chaplin of the current financial world-movie is Hugo Stinnes. In appearance he is a comic figure, but to his in-

fluence is credited the destruction of the French coal mines and the deportation of the inhabitants of the invaded regions of France to hard labor in Germany. Mr. Cunliffe-Owen thinks that if Foch took charge of him he could make an important contribution to the payment which Germany owes France.

All that is interesting, but it does not sound much like the reorganization of Europe on the basis of co-operation between the nations. It sounds very much more like knock-down-and-drag-out, and of that surely Europe has had a-plenty. Possibly Russia can be helped by some domestic fighting, because in that country there is a mighty bad crowd to be cleaned out, but it has not yet appeared that fighting has done any good in Ireland, and it is not known as yet to have accomplished anything valuable as between Greece and Turkey, and the prospect that France will do good by direct action and strong-arm operations in Germany is very faint.

In the opinion of Alfred Fried, of Vienna, who won the Nobel prize in 1911 for the promotion of international peace, the only path to Europe's salvation is for France and Germany to make peace, a real peace. So long as France fears to be destroyed by a recuperating and recovering Germany, and Germany sees in France the chief obstacle to its recovery, it will be very hard indeed for Europe to get back to a peaceful working basis. Dr. Fried insists that Germany alone can save France, and that France alone can save Germany. He insists that Germany must assume the honest obligation to help restore France economically and that France must make it her duty to abate the degrading conditions of the Versailles Treaty, thereby giving German Democracy the strength to beat its militarists.

Of course that sounds like sense and it is sense, but it is very like inviting the



### "Help!"

NOTE: Hitherto the government has delegated the responsibility for the care of our disabled soldiers to the agencies shown in our cartoon. The Public Health Service, the Federal Board for Vocational Training, and the War Risk Bureau. These agencies, torn by jealousies, have been

independent of one another. The result has been chaos and appalling neglect of our disabled soldiers. Owing to Mr. Harding's insistence upon measures of relief, a bill to consolidate the conflicting bureaus is in preparation and may now be before the House.

lion to lie down with the lamb, a proceeding that has always seemed to require special preparation.



**P**RESIDENT ELIOT made an address the other day to the Society of Harvard Dames about the influence of women on the manners of men, and in the course of it he dwelt upon the coarsening of current manners in young people from whom politeness would naturally be expected. According to the standard of earlier times the current tobacco manners of the men would be accounted, he said, as extremely rude, and he found the girls much more familiar with young men, and the young men with the girls, than they used to be when he was young. The newspapers got all that part of his address and discussed it, and the impression made was that his

estimate of the young people was not very favorable.

It is true enough that he does not think much of their manners, but if one reads the whole address as published in the *Harvard Bulletin*, what is most striking of all is his unwillingness to condemn the rising generation on surface considerations. "An old-fashioned person like me," he said, "is liable to draw unjust conclusions from these changed manners of young women—between mothers and children and between young men and young women," and he thought we should try to see how such changes of manners, which in many respects are only superficial, may be consistent with an improved condition of real morals. So he said that though he found that manners had deteriorated, he could not find a like deterioration in morals, and in that he took comfort and hoped that manners would come back.

That is very like Dr. Eliot, whose mind seems never to harden, and who still at eighty-seven looks on all sides of most subjects, and guards himself from being

betrayed into injustice to the present by affection for some things of the past.

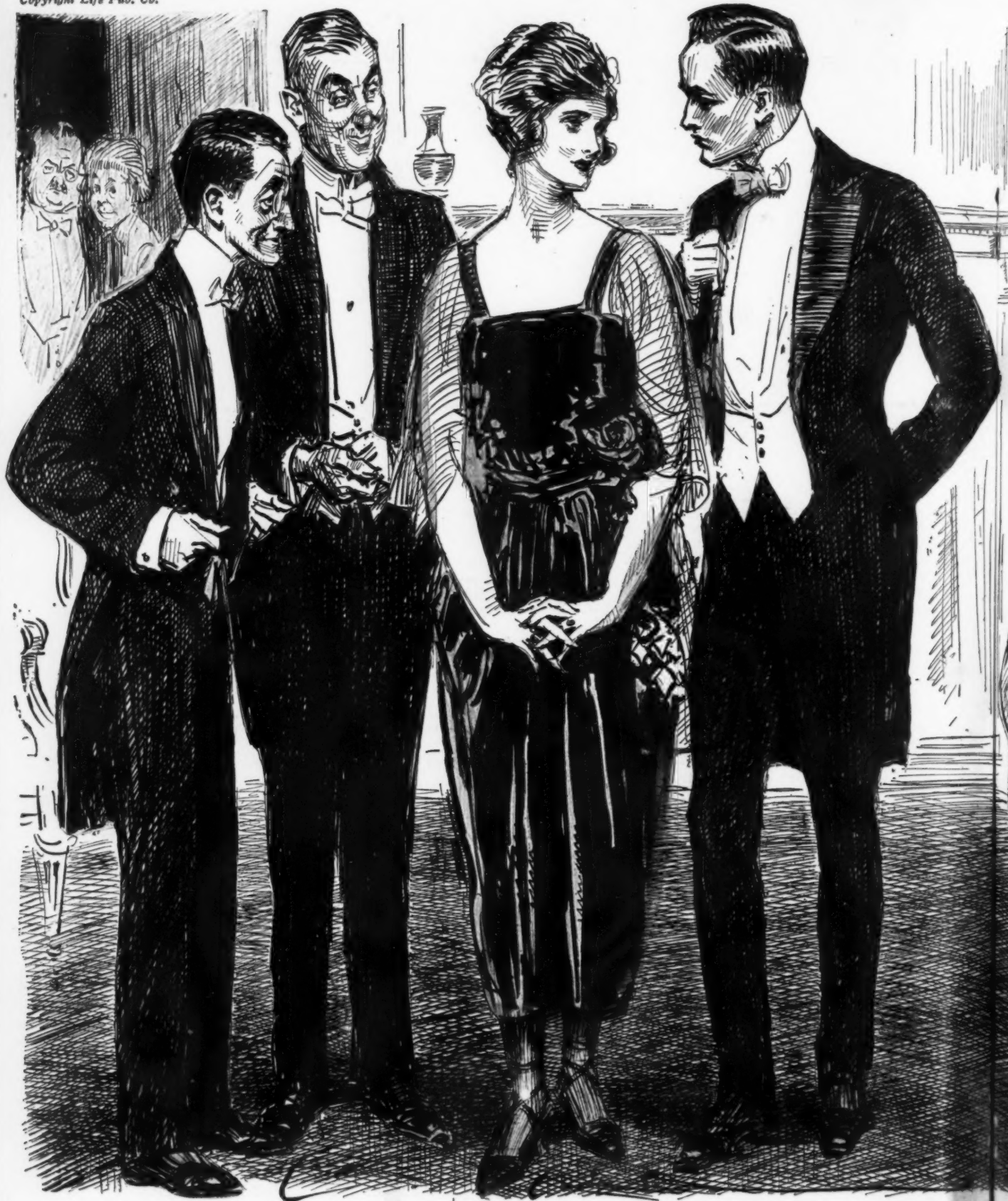


**T**HE papers report that an old publishing house in New York has found it necessary to withdraw for correction the fourth volume of a *History of American Literature* because it included an article on Christian Science in which its founder was spoken of as a "thrice-married female Trismegistus."

That is awful, but she was thrice married, and she was a female, and she may have been a Trismegistus, if anyone knows what that implies. But the incident confirms an impression that these are times in which, though the boys, as President Eliot says, may intrude tobacco smoke where it does not belong, and the girls may be too lenient with indecorum in young men, people in business, especially in the literary line, must mind their manners.

E. S. Martin.





People We Can Get Along

XIII

THE OTHER THIRTEEN. AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT





an Get Along Without

XIII  
THAT'S WHAT YOUNG HOPESOME THINKS



### Something Significant

TWO such pre-eminent artists as Ethel and John Barrymore could, of course, make a notable event of a revival of *Box and Cox*. In sponsoring "*Clair de Lune*," however, they have undertaken a harder task than "*Box and Cox*" would have been, for the audience is never quite certain just why the title "*Clair de Lune*" should have been given it. So far as any bearing on the play itself goes, the electric lights in front of the Empire Theatre might have read, "*Eau de Cologne*," or "*Joie de Vivre*." Anything, so long as it was French and exotic-sounding.

Not that all this makes any difference when Miss Barrymore is on the stage. Never has she been more radiantly lovely. This testy department finds its thesaurus bare of words for use on such occasions, and all that we can do in our critical capacity is sink back and murmur, "Gosh!" as the *Queen*, in the whitest white ever experienced in our native drama, sweeps out from the wings into the artistic history of America.

And, oddly enough, under the warmth of Miss Barrymore's voice, the lines assigned to her blossom into an unwonted state of lucidity which at times gives the play the appearance of being very clever indeed. And then she leaves the stage; the sun goes behind a cloud of murky pathological poetry; the floods rise and you find yourself obliged to tread water again to keep your head up.

Of course, John Barrymore is there, as the disfigured mountebank taken from Victor Hugo's "*L'Homme qui rit*," and for the matinee trade let it be stated that he is not so irreparably disfigured but that, in left profile (which is utilized almost exclusively), he is still capable of making the husbands of all women present seem like so many elderly lutchers.

But there really is very little for John Barrymore to do in the acting line. In the only love-scene in the play it is Violet Kemble Cooper who carries the air, and Mr. Barrymore is forced to pick out a second on the D string. This is a new part for Mr. Barrymore, and while he plays it extremely well, it is not what the ladies pay five dollars a seat to hear him do. Incidentally, it is going to make Violet Kemble Cooper the most unpopular actress on the American stage in the next plebiscite taken among the girls' boarding-schools adjacent to New York.



THERE is something about the scenery in "*Clair de Lune*" which adds to the general confusion. The costumes are charming, and several of the ensembles very pleasing to behold, but there is a feeling throughout that someone with an eye for color has borrowed a couple of old sets from William A. Brady and tried to fix them up. Box hedges of the more modern school of stage decoration border a forest-back-drop

whose trees have been painted with that impartial attention to detail which marked the trees of the forest in the original production of "*Robin Hood*." The boudoir of the aggressive *Duchess of Beaumont* has a combination note of Urban and Lester Wallack which gives the beholder a slight sensation of going mad, an effect which is heightened when all the characters—the mountebank, the blind girl, the green man, the Queen (God save her) and others of equal diversity all stand in a semi-circle as if to take a curtain-call and talk back and forth. The impression is that the place is the play-room of an institution, and one would not be in the least surprised to see the group finally augmented by someone in lavender gauze claiming to be Isolde, followed by a matron dragging a toy lamb under the impression that she was the Mary of the nursery rhyme.

The play is by Michael Strange, and it is our distinction to be the first weekly paper published on West 31st Street, New York City, to announce that "Michael Strange" is none other than Mrs. John Barrymore.

It is quite possible that she has done something in "*Clair de Lune*" which is completely over the head of this department. People are doing it all the time. Much of the dialogue we understood perfectly, however, including the imitation Oscar Wilde epigrams, and having skimmed through Kraft-Ebbing when a child we recognized some of the deeper stuff also.

Our feeling about the whole thing can best be expressed by an excerpt from the poetic work of Michael Strange herself (now published under the title "*Resurrecting Life*").

The second stanza of her poem, called "Thought," reads:

*"O thought is beautiful—  
A jewel through which appearing to me in a most precious light  
All of humanity annexing—avoiding—toward inevitably spreading  
Into forms more vast—"*

And there you have it in a nutshell.



THE Theatre Guild offers Franz Molnar's "*Liliom*" as its final production for the season, and it is a fitting climax to a series of performances which have constituted a most encouraging advance in our theatre.

"*Liliom*" is the Hungarian word for "lily," and the slang term for "rough-neck," and a record has been set by the translator, Benjamin F. Glazer, in turning the original tough talk into its equivalent American without going back of 1910 for his vocabulary. To most translators the big word in American slang to-day is "rubberneck," but Mr. Glazer has made *Liliom* talk a modern language.

And Joseph Schildkraut makes him one of the clearest cut characters in a season of remarkable characterizations. Mr. Schildkraut was recently handicapped by a play called "*Pagans*." Freed from this he has taken a place more suited to his powers—way up front.

As usual, the Guild has recruited just the right ringers from the outside to play the leading parts. Eva Le Gallienne is this time the tribute to the casting genius of those in charge, just as Lucile Watson and Laura Hope Crews have been in past performances.

Not the least of the Guild's contribution to the theatre has been its proof, through the art of Mr. Lee Simonson, that scenery can be interesting without being drunken.

Robert C. Benchley.

# CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

"The Bat." *Morosco*.—Depleting but highly satisfactory crime melodrama.

"Clair de Lune." *Empire*.—Reviewed in this issue.

"Deburau." *Belasco*.—Poetic drama made interesting by novel setting and good acting.

"The Emperor Jones." *Princess*.—Charles Gilpin in a powerful characterization of a fear-crazed fugitive.

"The Green Goddess." *Booth*.—The Himalayas as the scene of old-fashioned melodramatic dirty work, refined to a high point of effectiveness by George Arliss.

"In the Night Watch." *Century*.—A great deal of ham-actor talk leading up to the spectacular sinking of a French warship right on the stage.

"Liliom." *Garrick*.—Reviewed in this issue.

"Miss Lulu Bett." *Belmont*.—No matter where you were brought up, you will find people in this remarkable Zona Gale play that you know.

"Nemesis." *Hudson*.—Showing that the modern method of making the criminal fit the crime is not infallible. Interesting and well acted.

"Romance." *Playhouse*.—After years and years in London, Doris Keane is back again with her permanent success.

"The Sacrifice." *Greenwich Village*.—To be reviewed later.

"Spanish Love." *Marine Elliott's*.—A stunt presentation of the same old stuff, effectively filled with chili con carne.

"Smooth as Silk." *Frazee*.—Crook melodrama containing regulation materials made surprisingly acceptable by Willard Mack.

"The Trial of Joan of Arc." *Shubert*.—Margaret Anglin giving life to a historical narrative.

## Comedy and Things Like That

"The Bad Man." *Ritz*.—Some satire and gun-play on the Mexican border, delightfully executed by Holbrook Blinn as a philosophical bandit.

"The Broken Wing." *Forty-Eighth St.*.—Much the same sort of thing without the satire, but with a very loud airplane crash.

"The Champion." *Longacre*.—Grant Mitchell lending a note of repression

to an otherwise entirely unrepressed lunge at English social customs.

"Dear Me." *Republic*.—Excellent morality, but a bit soppy as drama. A lot of people like it that way, however.

"Enter Madame." *Fulton*.—The Latin temperament in marriage excellently portrayed by Gilda Varesi in an amusing light comedy.

"The First Year." *Little*.—For those who have had relatives nothing could be funnier than this simple little epic by Frank Craven.

"The Ghost Between." *Thirty-Ninth St.*.—Arthur Byron works very hard to bring out the almost imperceptible good side of this combination tragedy and farce.

"The Gold Diggers." *Lyceum*.—Chorus girl life successfully portrayed by Ina Claire.

"Ladies' Night." *Eltinge*.—By the same authors who are now working on "Gertie's Garter," for next season.

"Lightnin'." *Gaiety*.—Looks like a hit for Frank Bacon.

"Little Old New York." *Plymouth*.—Costume playlet of 1810, introducing the original John Jacob Astor, the original Delmonico and the original Genevieve Tobin.

"Mr. Pim Passes By." *Henry Miller*.—A far from uproarious but genially pleasant English comedy, immeasurably aided by the presence of Laura Hope Crews.

"Nice People." *Klaw*.—The crimes of our *jeunesse dorée* as they appear in the eyes of the elders. Francine Larrimore excellent while on the down-grade.

"Rollo's Wild Oat." *Punch and Judy*.—Dramatic whipped cream, very delicious as served by Roland Young.

"Three Live Ghosts." *Nora Bayes*.—Three missing soldiers return home, with amusing results.

"Toto." *Bijou*.—Something which might just as well have been left in the original French—and in France. But, of course, ladies, Leo Ditrichstein is in it.

"Welcome Stranger." *Sam H. Harris*.—Race prejudice and what it does to your business, shown in an interesting rustic drama.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

"Midnight Rounders." *Century Roof*.—You can't go wrong if you go to bed instead.

"Irene." *Vanderbilt*.—The record-holder among musical comedies.

"Lady Billy." *Liberty*.—Much singing, dancing and fresh talk by Mitzi in a show containing more ballast than usual.

"Love Birds." *Apollo*.—As soon as all the people who like Rooney and Bent have seen it, everyone has seen it who ought to.

"June Love." *Knickerbocker*.—To be reviewed next week.

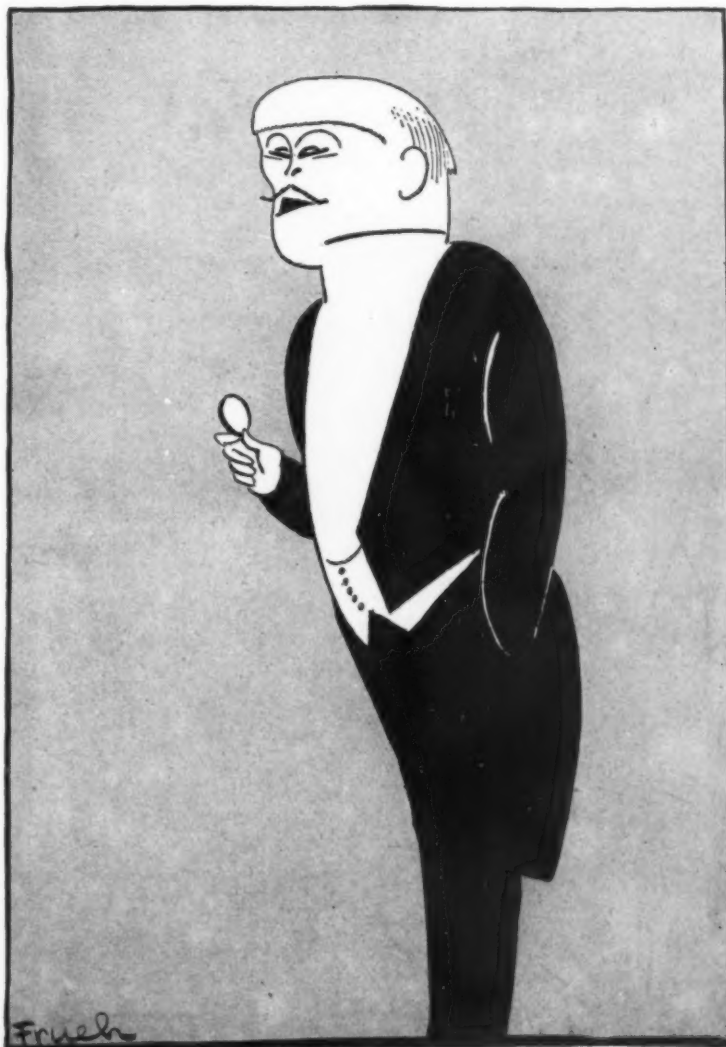
"The Passing Show of 1921." *Winter Garden*.—Marie Dressler and the Howards make a great many people laugh. The ballet should appeal to even more.

"The Right Girl." *Times Square*.—Charles Purcell has recently been rushed in as a pinch-hitter.

"The Rose Girl." *Ambassador*.—The chorus is not without merit.

"Sally." *New Amsterdam*.—Marilynn Miller, Leon Errol, nice music and good dancing make it just about the best musical comedy in town.

"Tip-Top." *Globe*.—The appeal is chiefly to the ear, but it is a powerful appeal as made by the Duncan Sisters and the Six Brown Brothers.



LEO DITRICHSTEIN IN "TOTO."



## LIFE



## LINES

THE corner saloon is gone, the corner cigar store is next. Soon there'll be nothing left to put on street corners.

How far a little scandal throws its light!

The Blue Law Drive seems to have been repulsed. . . . *Sic transit gloria Grundy.*

Mr. H. G. Wells seems to think that, after all, one is bound to take seriously a universe which has produced Mr. H. G. Wells.

Importunity knocks at the door oftener than his brother Op.

Men can appreciate love letters, but it takes jurymen to appraise them.

An ordinary man's conscience tells him what he shouldn't do; but an Uplifter's conscience tells him what his neighbors shouldn't do.

A fair exchange is no robbery—but that depends on which side of the water you are on.

Tell a woman the crime is on her head and she will want to know of it's on straight.

The promises of German diplomats may yet prove instructive to future students of the romance languages.

A civilization that starves its poets, and feeds its prize fighters on the fat of the land, is of doubtful utility.

Life is a mirror in which each man sees himself.

REVISION.  
The world is so full of a number of verses,  
I'm sure we should all be as happy as hearses.

After all is said and undone, a woman retires for the night.

There is one sort of servant that is difficult to get or keep in this country—the well-known Public Servant.

Sinn Fein slogan: *The mick shall inherit the Earth.*

An impediment in the speech is worth two in the memory.

Under the anti-tobacco regulations, Bevo will have its counterpart in Cubebs that contain one-half of one per cent. nicotine.

It hasn't been so many years since certain theologians insisted that any unbaptized person, young or old, was damned for all eternity. But nowadays most of the churches and preachers are so advanced that it takes considerable ingenuity to get into Hell.

The Red, White and Blue still stands for America—the Red propagandists, White Ribbon Societies and Blue Lawyers.

What has become of the old-fashioned American woman who covered her legs with her skirts and made chicken pie for dinner on Sunday?

You'd think, to hear some Scientists chatter, that a god called Biology had actually created the human race.

FIRST VILLAGER: What's the big meetin' over to the town hall to-night?

SECOND VILLAGER: Some of the boys wants ter change the name of Main Street to Easy Street, in honor of what it's done for the American novelist.

Hughes to Frame New Foreign Policy.  
—Headline.  
But first why not frame the old one?

ON THE GREEN.  
"You can't get by me,"  
Said the stymie,  
Speaking loud and clear;  
The words the putter  
Then did utter  
Can't be printed here.

The millennium has been indefinitely adjourned.



According to the police, too many crooks spoil the graft.

An old motto made  
New:  
"God bless Our Home  
Brew!"

Some people sell themselves to the devil, others rent themselves out by the day.

You never realize how many parts an auto has until it hits a telegraph pole.



## Our Walking Tour No. 23

(Arranged after consultation with the President of the Rocky Mountain Pedestrian League.)



On any bright pleasant Sunday morning take the trolley that leaves the City Hall at 5:35. After winding in and out among the crowded city buildings for some thirty minutes you will suddenly emerge into the broad open country. Skirting the canal and crossing the iron bridge, you will eventually arrive at Bumington. Here your walk begins.

Leaving the car, step briskly up the steep grade about two miles to the eminence that commands the valley. The farmhouse way off in the right center, just at the fork of the three roads, was owned during the Revolutionary period by Farmer Punk. The remnant of Washington's army, consisting of 383 men, had crept up the night before when they were suddenly confronted by the entire British forces in the vicinity, consisting of a formidable total of 403. The battle raged around the farmhouse, and in the vicinity of the woodshed the British were piled seven and eight deep. Now starting on your walk, a pleasant descent of eight miles from your eminence brings you by the farmhouse; just beyond is the charming little village of Nutville, named after Tobias Nutte, the multimillionaire. It will be worth your while to step into Mr. Nutte's art gallery for a moment and see some of his old masters, among which may be mentioned:

Rembrandt: The Coal Dealer's Aunt.  
Corot: The Auction Bridge.  
Landseer: Harlem Goats at Play.

Leaving the town pump on your left, you may take a short cut through the Methodist graveyard where many quaint inscriptions invite your attention. Some of them are characterized by a grim humor. The first one to the right as you enter reads:

Here Lies Cephas Gruntfield  
He hated everybody, everybody  
Hated him. Gone, but not  
Forgotten.

And what is that rare sound that breaks upon your ear? That is the clear note of the Nutville Hermit Thrush. Pausing a moment to get a vision of this rare bird, you press on through Garbage Center (18 miles) getting some exquisite vistas of the canal and its boat, to Muddington (17

miles), where a story is told of Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton. It seems that after a political conference at the home of General Greene, they were walking near the Muddington bone yard when Hamilton, with a sinister look in his eye, suddenly turned to Burr and observed:

"Not a bad sunset."

Burr endeavored in vain to conceal his real motives. In a voice of suppressed rage and resentment, he hissed:

"I don't care for sunsets."

It was this remark that opened Hamilton's eyes to Burr's perfidy. From that moment the tragedy moved swiftly to its dramatic end.

Beyond Muddington take the road to left. Four miles farther on, in a delightful little grass-grown station, festooned with the wild carrot, the milkweed and the stinkweed gloriosos you will find the trolley waiting to bear you back to town, where (barring accidents) you should arrive some four hours later.

Refreshed and invigorated by your 87 miles of walking, you will now welcome the opportunity of sitting up until past midnight relating your adventures to the family circle and endeavoring to imbue them with your own passionate love of nature.

T. L. M.

### Coming Sporting Events

ALL-Comers World Trade Wrestling Carnival; no holds barred but the strangle; auspices League of National A. C. Date to be announced later.

Intersectional Office-Seeking Relays; auspices G. O. P. A. C.; Preliminaries, East vs. West, Washington, D. C.

National Memoir Championship; open to ex-Cabinet members only.

Letter-Carriers Weight Lifting Carnival and Salary Steeplechase; for the Will Hays Cup; open to novices, juniors and veterans; Civil Service A. C.

National Transatlantic Obstacle Race; open to diplomats, ex-diplomats and would-be diplomats; auspices White House A. C. Drawings for position to be announced later.

New York Mayoralty Marathon. Tammany vs. the field. Entries now open.

National Price-Cutting and Fancy Diving Championships; for the Consumers' Cup; auspices Profiteers A. C.

World's Championship Buck-Passing Contest; Trotzky vs. Lenine; to a finish.



Mr. Tortoise (as Mrs. Giraffe passes):  
SHE'S GETTING AWFUL HIGH-TONED. GOES  
BY WITH HER HEAD IN THE AIR AND NEVER  
EVEN GLANCES IN MY DIRECTION.





Drawn by C. ALLAN GILBERT.

*Mother (after delivering a lecture on flirting):* PERHAPS YOU'D LISTEN TO ME, ETHEL, IF YOU  
REALIZED WHAT A LOT OF EXPERIENCE I'VE HAD.

*Daughter:* BUT, MAMA, THINK WHAT A LOT OF EXPERIENCE I AM HAVING.





## ADVICE FROM HEADQUARTERS

"BY JOVE! ISABEL, WHEN I SEE BY MY ACCOUNT THAT THE CAR HAS COST US OVER A THOUSAND THIS YEAR, I GET COLD FEET."

"WELL, HENRY, DON'T BLAME ME. I ADVISED YOU NOT TO KEEP AN ACCOUNT."

"HAS your daughter been out long?"  
"No—only about \$4,500 worth."

DON'T walk under the ladder of fame.  
Climb it, my boy!

## A Doubtful Decision

THE modern novel was recently the subject of a debate between Gilbert K. Chesterton and, Hugh Walpole. Edmund Gosse was the referee.

Mr. Chesterton took the ground that our novels were a sign of social decay. Mr. Walpole argued that, on the contrary, Hardy, Conrad, Kipling and Henry James were four of the greatest novelists of any period and that they were evidence of the dawn of a still greater perfection. The debate was complete, covered the whole subject, and at its conclusion the referee announced that it was a draw.

"We know nothing," he declared, "that we did not know before, and we feel much less sure of what we did know."

In our humble opinion, he should have awarded the blue ribbon to both contestants. The object of all debates is to increase the stock of ignorance about the subject under debate, and as Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Walpole had an equal share in this result, they should not have been let off so easily.

A LONDON physician has stated that there are remarkable healing powers in coal. This is also the case, we understand, with radium.



AS HE DID IT, AND



AS HE DOES IT.

WHEN SILAS COMES TO SEE THE SIGHTS



# PACKARD



THEIR MISSION IS THE SAVING OF MEN'S TIME

**E**VERY MORNING a great army of Packard Cars moves smoothly forward into the routine of another business day. Whether these cars be Single-Six or Twin-Six Packards, their mission is the same—the conservation of men's energy and the saving of men's time. For more than twenty years, now, Packard Cars have been performing this service incomparably well. The Packard you buy will serve as finely.      ∞      ∞      ∞      ∞

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The Packard Twin-Six Touring  
\$6000 at Detroit

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\$2975 at Detroit

*Ask the man who owns one*



## AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

### Passed Unchallenged

Some people in peace-time will be interested in the young man who went into the army. On enlisting, he expressed the fear that he would face ridicule on account of his religion. After three years in the army he was asked how he had gotten along. "Fine," he replied; "they never found it out on me."—*Christian Register*.

### Social Aspersions

"Huh! Yuh talks 'bout sassiety like yuh knows so much 'bout it. Niggah, I bet dey don' eben have evenin' dresses whah yuh come frum."

"Zat so? Dey's doin' well to have evenin's whah yuh come frum."

—*Nashville Tennessean*.

### Between Wars

EMPLOYER (to ex-service man): We can't use you. . . . But I'm glad to see your boy is going to be a soldier—we may need him in the next war.—*Good Morning*.



The Club Bore (who, for the first hour, has been quite up to his usual form): DO YOU KNOW, OLD CHAP, WHEN I CAME IN I HAD A DREADFUL HEADACHE. I'VE QUITE LOST IT NOW.

The Victim: DON'T WORRY, IT'S NOT LOST; I'VE GOT IT NOW.

—*Looker-On (Calcutta)*.

### A Young Critic

She was a little maid of ten years, flitting butterfly-like through the National Gallery. For some seconds she had stood, however, gazing at a picture by Nicolas Poussin, thus described in the catalogue: "Centre, nymphs and fauns dancing; right, a satyr embracing a nymph; left, two infant bacchanals, one raising a bowl," etc. Suddenly she caught sight of the first words on the frame, and, turning to her mother, exclaimed: "Mummie! Do look! Isn't this funny? It's a French School!"

—*London Morning Post*.

### Confidentially

IMPECUNIOUS GENTLEMAN: Can you lend me a pound?

SECOND GENTLEMAN: I will when I come back from Brighton.

IMPECUNIOUS GENTLEMAN: When are you coming back?

"Between ourselves, I'm not going!"

—*Tatler (London)*.

### Light Cruisers, Too

And when the nations disarm, some statesman will slip in a joker permitting the building of battleships for medicinal purposes.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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# Manning-Bowman



Jug Set  
No. 151

## Quality Ware

A COOL, delightful drive into the country under the bluest of May skies and then—a sumptuous picnic luncheon ending up with ice-cream and a cup of steaming, fragrant coffee. Imagine it! Delicious salads, fruit sugared to a luscious sweetness, soup or cocoa or coffee steaming hot, or ice-cream as firmly hard as on a snowy winter day—all of these you can take with you in Manning-Bowman Hotakold food and ice-cream jars.

For traveling anywhere—by rail or automobile—you'll find Hotakold bottles a wonderful comfort. And for your home, there are any number of beautiful bottles and carafes—in designs and colorings to harmonize with any room.

All Hotakold bottles are attractive and especially durable in construction. You cannot realize what a convenience they are until you actually use them. They will delight you.

For sale at department and hardware stores, jewelers and novelty shops. Write us for further information and booklet D 10.

### Manning, Bowman & Co.

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Makers of Household and Table Appointments in Nickel Plate, Silver Plate, Copper and Aluminum.



Made under original Berger patent.

Food and Ice  
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Carafe Set  
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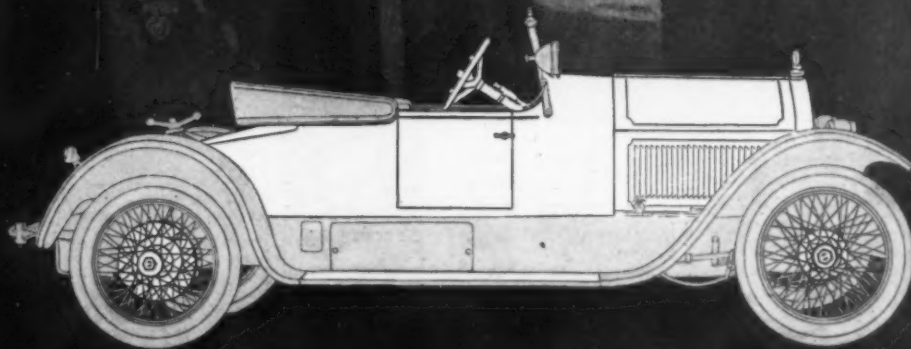
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Means  Best

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Quart  
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Pint





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People of culture and refinement invariably  
**PREFER** Deities to any  
other cigarette



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*Makers of the Highest Grade Cigarettes and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World*

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### Kansas Weather

A Salina man tells this as happening to him. Early in the morning one winter's day, came a wire from a friend in Chicago: "How's the weather to-day out there?"

"The sun is shining," the Salina man wired.

An hour later friend wired again: "Could not interpret message. Did you say sun was or was not shining?"

And the Salina man, looking out of the window, sent this: "Snowing to beat the band now."

And came another wire in mid-afternoon: "How much snow there now?"

To which the Salina man replied: "Bright sun out, has melted all the snow away again."—*Salina (Kan.) Journal*.

### Relativity

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder where you are;  
High above I see you shine,  
But, according to Einstein,  
You are not where you pretend,  
You are just around the bend;  
And your sweet seductive ray  
Has been leading men astray  
All these years—O little star,  
Don't you know how bad you are?

—*Science and Invention*.

### In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

#### Taking Her Order

His parents were what is popularly known as "high-brow," but they also were good sports. So when he suggested taking them to a restaurant in the market district of Boston, they agreed. The mother's exquisite clothes stamped her as a society woman, but democracy reigns supreme at Durgin & Park's. They sat down at the table. The waiter handed the mother a menu and then leaned confidentially forward over the back of the chair and said:

"Well, sister, what's the good news?"

—*Indianapolis News*.

#### A Benefit of Censorship

"Do you approve of censorship for the theatres?"

"Yes," replied the manager; "but only for foreign countries. You can always expect good business for a play whose production has been forbidden abroad."

—*Washington Star*.

#### A Valuable Tip

IMPECUNIOUS BRIDEGROOM (taking minister aside): I'm sorry I have no money to pay your fee, doctor; but if you'll take me down into your cellar I'll show you how to fix your gas meter so that it won't register.

—*Boston Transcript*.

"At first a child is an amusing creature," says Mr. G. B. Shaw, "but after six years of age it becomes a nuisance." We are looking forward to Mr. Shaw's second infancy.—*Punch*.

## Save the Poe Cottage

WE are pleased to announce that there has been a great increase in the size and number of contributions from readers of LIFE to the fund for preserving Edgar Allan Poe's home in Fordham, New York. This is a cause which should command the support of everyone who takes any pride in American literature, and in the most brilliant genius that our country has produced.

327.29

The following generous contributions are gratefully acknowledged:

Mrs. Van S. Merle-Smith.....	\$500.00
Mrs. Clarkson Cowl.....	100.00
Chet Withey.....	50.00
Sequoyah Girl Reserves.....	2.00
Two Cincinnati Friends.....	5.00
Paul Irving Kennedy.....	1.00
Poteat (Kaifeng, China).....	2.00
Mrs. J. R. Benton.....	1.00
Eunice Strebbsins.....	1.00
J. R. Childs.....	5.00
James Campbell.....	2.50

Total ..... 669.50  
Previously acknowledged..... 300.10

Total ..... \$969.60

## Columists and the Crowd

The columists are a great lot of boys. They are original even as imitations. Their trade began some time back with just the old-fashioned paragraphers. There were good columists about as long ago as there were any newspapers. Addison was a kind of columist in the *Spectator*—a little long-winded, but he had the idea. George D. Prentice was a good one, long years ago, and so was M. Quad, on the *Detroit Free Press*, who sixty years ago used to mix jokes and verse just as the modern fellows do.

But with these temperamental youngsters it is exactly as if the thing had never been done before. They are all Adams—all paradise-starters—each the first fellow that ever was. They are the salt that would make the newspaper a flat dish if they were not in it.

—Boston Transcript.

## The Short Cut

An ambitious young man went to a university professor and said: "Sir, I desire a course of training which will fit me to become the superintendent of a great railway system. How much will such a course cost, and how long will it take?"

"Young man," replied the professor, "such a course would cost you twenty thousand dollars, and require twenty years of your time." But, on the other hand, by spending three hundred dollars of your money and three months of your time you may be elected to Congress. Once there you will feel yourself competent to direct not one but all the great railroad systems of our country."—*New York Evening Post*.

## Flattering

THE CONVERSATIONALIST (to well-known author): I'm so delighted to meet you! It was only the other day I saw something of yours, about something or other, in some magazine.—*Boston Transcript*.

The best thing about the newspaper controversy over "It is me" is that it will teach many people to say "It is I."

—South Bend Tribune.

# TIFFANY & Co.

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JEWELS OF ASIA: From Damascus came the famous blades of Damascus steel—the weapon of war-like royalty. And though centuries have passed, the name remains as the highest symbol of excellence.

*For people who appreciate the best  
and are willing to pay for it*

You could never persuade the man or woman who likes Shah of Persia Transparent Soap to even try another kind.

They take too much pleasure in its jewel-like sparkle and transparency—brilliant as a first water topaz.

They are too fond of the clinging, alluring fragrance of its mysterious Oriental bouquet.

Thus the price becomes secondary.

Though Shah of Persia is rather high priced they would willingly pay more.

Shah of Persia Transparent Soap is made from costly ingredients by an exacting process. Production is necessarily limited.

The price is \$1.00 for a three-cake box. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail us one dollar and we will send you a box prepaid.

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*Shah of Persia*

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## He "Obeyed That Impulse"

MR. HENRY C. SHERIDAN, of New York, read a poem in the April 7th issue of *LIFE*—entitled "Song of the Open Country," by Dorothy Parker, and was so greatly entertained by it that he promptly forwarded a five pound box of candy to the author, a box of Corona-Corona cigars to the editorial board, and a check for \$100 to *LIFE's* Fresh Air Farm.

We reproduce the poem herewith, in the hope that it will inspire other readers to similar outbursts of generous enthusiasm:

### SONG OF THE OPEN COUNTRY.

*WHEN* lights are low, and the day has died,  
I sit and dream of the countryside.

Where sky meets earth at the meadow's end,  
I dream of a clean and wind-swept space  
Where each tall tree is a stanch old friend,  
And each frail bud turns a trusting face.  
A purling brook, with each purl a pray'r,  
To the bending grass its secret tells;  
While, softly borne on the scented air,  
Comes the far-off chime of chapel bells.  
A tiny cottage I seem to see,  
In its quaint old garden set apart;  
And a Sabbath calm steals over me,  
While peace dwells deep in my brooding heart.

*And I thank whatever gods look down  
That I am living right here in town.  
Dorothy Parker.*

### Low Spirits

"These family gatherings are so depressing," a lady observed to her daughter. "How shall we entertain our guests?" "We must do something to raise our spirits," said the daughter gloomily. "But not what we did last year," shuddered the lady. "What was that?" inquired a friend, who was present at the discussion. "Oh," said the lady with a groan, "we invited a medium, and held a séance; but the only manifestations we got were tactless and vulgar remarks from a spirit called Jeremiah, and insulting messages from another one named Jane. The whole lot of us went up to bed either indignant or in tears."—*London Morning Post.*

### They All Read 'Em

Maybe the colored sheets of the funny papers are made for children, but it seems the people who get the most fun out of them are the men and women. At least they are the ones that read them in public. On Sunday morning about church time the street cars are full of people going to church or returning from Sunday school with their noses buried in the funny paper, while the soberer sections lie neglected in their laps, and little Johnnie and Mary stare out of the window and receive their amusement from the less laborious method of watching what is going on in the streets.

—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

I know a woman who writes a little, and who lately had a story appear in a magazine. I was about to read it, and the author said: "It isn't very good; it was about a fat woman, and a thin woman edited it."

—*E. W. Howe's Monthly.*



# CLEVELAND SIX



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### It Makes Its Friends By Its Character

Featuring the Cleveland is the exclusive Cleveland motor, most highly refined of the overhead valve type, pliant and powerful. Its unusual degree of acceleration and fuel economy are subjects of much comment.

You will be interested in how easy the Cleve-

land is to handle, the instantly positive action of its brakes, and the comfort in riding which is so much contributed to by its long underslung springs.

### Four Beautiful Bodies

Four splendidly built, upholstered and finished bodies, are pleasing to the best taste. Let us suggest that you defer buying any other light six or four until you know the Cleveland.

### Cord Tires Standard Equipment

Touring Car (Five Passengers)	\$1465	Roadster (Three Passengers)	\$1465
Sedan (Five Passengers)	\$2475	Coupe (Four Passengers)	\$2375

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# \$1465



## "Mum's the word!"

Whenever the thought of perspiration odor occurs to you, and you want to prevent that odor—"Mum's the word!"

*"Mum" prevents all body odors.*

"Mum" takes the odor all away—no, stops it before it gets started. Stops the odor—not the perspiration. Stops all body odors whether from perspiration or other causes.

"Mum's the word" when you want the delicate deodorant cream that is harmless to dainty garments and skin.

"Mum's the word" for the deodorant as easy to use as to say. A finger-tip under each arm and wherever excessive perspiration occurs. That's enough for all day and evening.

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quickly and safely, from face, arms and under arms, leaving the skin smooth and comfortable. Only a small amount is needed each time.

Complete Evans's Depilatory Outfit, 75 cents at drug- and department-stores or from us postpaid on receipt of price.

George B. Evans 1108 Chestnut Street Philadelphia

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## THE SILENT DRAMA

### Recent Developments

(Continued from page 652)

#### Paramount—Continued

intermittently dramatic, but frightfully overdone.

**STRAIGHT IS THE WAY.**—Unusually good variation of the crook's regeneration theme—well acted and well directed throughout.

**THE INSIDE OF THE CUP.**—Intelligent adaptation of Winston Churchill's novel about hypocrisy in the church. Pictorially effective but rather dull.

**BURIED TREASURE.**—A grotesque absurdity about reincarnation, with one or two remarkably effective scenes by Urban, and some remarkably ineffective "acting" by Marion Davies.

**WHAT'S WORTH WHILE.**—Inconsequential story of a girl who doesn't know what she wants. A Lois Weber production.

**TOO WISE WIVES.**—Somewhat more inconsequential story of two girls who don't know what they want. Another Lois Weber production.

**THE GILDED LILY.**—Mae Murray in an extravagant affair about a Broadway favorite who decides to "get away from it all." Well above the average.

**THE WITCHING HOUR.**—Excellent rendition of Augustus Thomas's dramatic success, well played by Elliott Dexter and a good cast.

**THE FAITH HEALER.**—A wholesale display of miracles of all sizes and shapes, which impose on the credulity of the audience and on their patience as well.

**WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS.**—Meticulously careful transcription of Barrie's comedy, which loses most of its charm and delicate appeal on the screen.

**THE PRICE OF POSSESSION.**—Ethel Clayton as a drab Australian girl who suddenly comes to high estate in England. Silly and dull.

**BEAU REVEL.**—Louis Joseph Vance's tragic story of the old dandy who loved not wisely but too well, skilfully played.

**THE LOVE SPECIAL.**—Wallace Reid drives a locomotive through a blizzard of property snow, and saves everything except the situation, which is beyond redemption.

**THE DOLLAR A YEAR MAN.**—Another Fatty Arbuckle comedy, slow in starting, but uproariously funny toward the end.

**SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE.**—Arnold Bennett's play in somewhat diluted form, finely acted by Elsie Ferguson and Conrad Nagel.

**THE CITY OF SILENT MEN.**—A tragically dramatic story of an innocent man who is railroaded to prison. Thomas Meighan is at his best.

**KING-QUEEN-JOKER.**—Sid Chaplin overacts so badly that he spoils what might have been an unusually good comedy.

**THE WHISTLE.**—William S. Hart packs up his six-shooters and his squirt and goes East for a change. A sad and somewhat gruesome story, which weakens badly at the finish.

**THE GREAT DAY.**—English production which does not stand the test of comparison with our home talent, principally because the actors appear to be afraid of the camera.

**SENTIMENTAL TOMMY.**—A beautiful and genuinely stirring picture based on Barrie's two novels about Tommy and Grizel. John S. Robertson directed it, and the leading rôles are perfectly interpreted by Gareth Hughes and May McAvoy.

**PROXIES.**—Moderately entertaining depiction of life back-stairs.

**LADIES MUST LIVE.**—George Loane Tucker's first production since "The Miracle Man" . . . and great was the fall thereof.

#### Realart

**DUCKS AND DRAKES.**—If you like Bebe Daniels, you may like this. We, for one, did not.

**THE LITTLE CLOWN.**—The exquisite Mary Miles Minter in a pleasant story of the circus, with many good scenes showing life under the big top.

**OUT OF THE CHORUS.**—Alice Brady has an

opportunity to display some beautiful costumes. The plot is of secondary importance.

**THE OUTSIDE WOMAN.**—Wanda Hawley as an inveterate bargain hunter who becomes involved in several farcical situations—some amusing, and some otherwise.

**THE PLAYTHING OF BROADWAY.**—The moderately entertaining story of a cabaret addict—skillfully portrayed by Justine Johnstone.

#### Robertson-Cole

**KISMET.**—Somewhere east of the Suez brought to your local movie palace. Otis Skinner appears again as the beggar, *Haji*.

**THE MISTRESS OF SHENSTONE.**—Pauline Frederick is unusually quiet in this slow-moving drama of the Cornish coast.

**ONE MAN IN A MILLION.**—Heart interest laid on thick by the lachrymose George Beban.

**SEVEN YEARS' BAD LUCK.**—Max Linder tries terribly hard to be funny, and for the most part succeeds. A broken mirror provides the main motif.

#### Selznick

**POOR DEAR MARGARET KIRBY.**—Elaine Hammerstein, as usual, lets the sub-titles do her acting for her. Her expression never changes during the 5,500 feet of film.

**SOCIETY SNOBS.**—Conway Tearle as an Italian waiter who forces his way into the Social Register. The only difficulty is that Mr. Tearle looks too much like a society snob himself, whereas the rest of the cast too closely resemble waiters.

**GILDED LIES.**—Eugene O'Brien and Martha Mansfield get all tangled up in the plot.

#### United Artists

**THE LOVE LIGHT.**—Mary Pickford in an Italian story that may best be described as punk.

**THE NUT.**—Douglas Fairbanks introduces a number of new comedy stunts in an absurdly funny picture which is not worthy of his efforts.

#### Universal

**OUTSIDE THE LAW.**—Priscilla Dean flashes a mean eye in this super-melodrama of the San Francisco underworld.

**THE SMART SEX.**—Just what the people who never go to the movies think all the movies are like.

**THE DANGEROUS MOMENT.**—Carmel Myers is pictorially effective in a story about Greenwich Village—if you can call it a story.

**THE FREEZE-OUT.**—One good gambling scene. The rest is a total loss.

**THE MAGNIFICENT BRUTE.**—Frank Mayo as a French-Canadian trapper in a North-western drama which is well above the average, particularly from a scenic point of view.

#### Vitagraph

**BLACK BEAUTY.**—Anna Sewell's famous horse story, turned into a conventional but thrilling melodrama, which should appeal, as the saying goes, to young and old.

**WHAT'S YOUR REPUTATION WORTH?**—Corinne Griffith in a triangle story which starts out well, but which cracks under the strain.

**HER LORD AND MASTER.**—Another futile attempt to mirror the high life of the English nobility on the screen. Alice Joyce is good in bad surroundings.

**THE HEART OF MARYLAND.**—A Civil War melodrama which gives the organist a chance to show that he can play "Yankee Doodle" with his left hand and "Dixie" with his right, simultaneously.

#### Miscellaneous

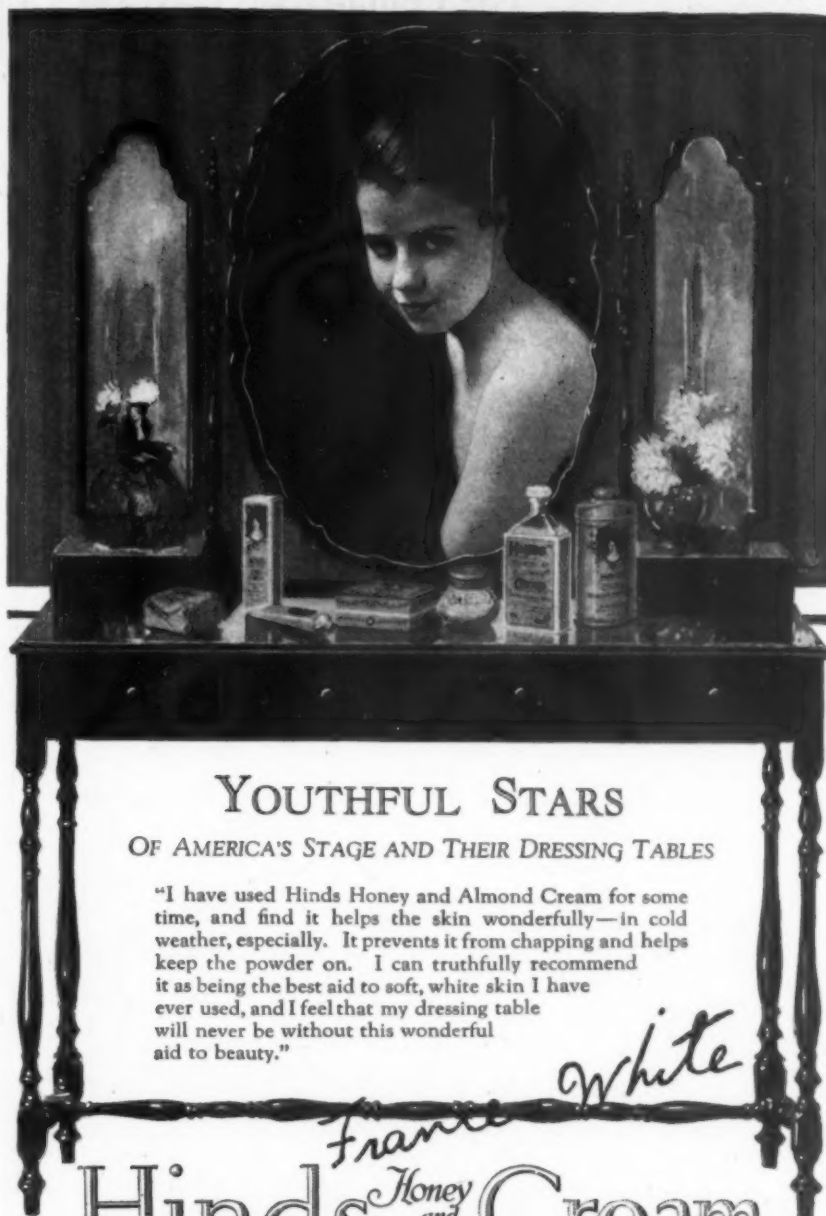
**WAY DOWN EAST (Griffith).**—"Ye hain't done right by our Nell," in a great many reels. Probably the most successful movie ever produced.

**HUSH (Equity).**—The perils of a loquacious wife, set forth with considerable finesse by Clara Kimball Young.

**THE DEVIL (Pathé).**—George Arliss makes his screen debut in a rather poor adaptation of Molnar's play.

**YOU AND I (Swedish Biograph).**—Very intense Icelandic drama, well acted but technically weak.

**FOR REVIEW NEXT WEEK.**—"Dream Street," "The Queen of Sheba," "Deception" and "Bob Hampton of Placer."



## YOUTHFUL STARS

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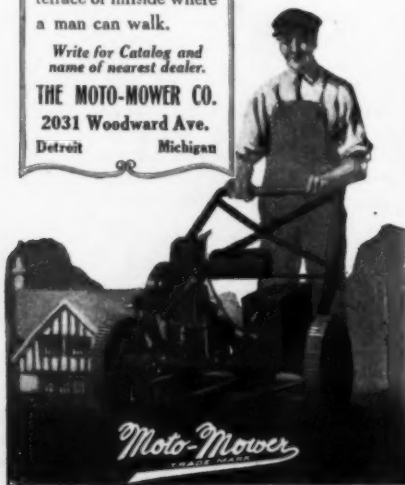
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The pursuit of peace is as arduous as big-game hunting and perhaps as dangerous.—*Evening paper.*

Oh, hunting a peace is a terrible thing! The creature advances. Look, look how it prances. I'm sure it will spring. Does it bite? Does it sting?

My mosquito-nets—Lord! I've forgotten to bring.

My knife! Or my sword! Get a gun: get a gun!

I am scared by the brute.

Shoot!

Shoot!!

SHOOT!!!

If we miss we're undone.

For the Lord's sake let's run!

Let's return to the safety of fighting the Hun.—*London Daily Herald.*

**Memory and Truth**—Rose, the garrulous domestic, can give you facts of history—international, dramatic, scandalous—right off the bat without a moment's hesitation.

"How do you manage to remember all these things, Rose?" inquired her employer the other day.

Then Rose came back with the infallible rule for memory training.

"I'll tell ye, ma'am," says she. "All me life never a lie I've told. And when ye don't have to be taxin' yer memory to be rememberin' what ye told this one or that one, or how ye explained this or that, ye don't overwork it and it lasts ye, good as new, forever."—*New York Sun.*

**Lost the Lion's Share**—When Jones' rich grandmother passed away, all his poverty-stricken friends rallied about him with words of cheer and comfort; but Jones remained sad and dejected.

"She left a last will and testament, I suppose?" murmured Jenkins carelessly.

"Oh, yes," said Jones, "she left a will and testament."

They hung expectant while sobs choked back his words.

"I," he declared at last, "am to have the testament."

Jack Canuck (*Toronto*).

**They Make a Virtue of Necessity**—Perhaps the reason why doctors are always so fascinating is because they have to listen while a woman talks about her "sufferings," instead of sitting there with one eye on the clock and the other on the campaign news, as though they were waiting for a train.—*Helen Rowland, in Detroit Free Press.*

**A Stroke of Luck**—Algy: Parker, I'm ruined socially! Last night at the ball I drank too much and staggered into everybody.

Valet: Scarcely that, sir. Everyone's talking of you as inventing a new dance! —*Passing Show (London).*

**The Literal Truth**—She: Now if you were in my shoes, what would you do? He: Groan with agony.

—*Boston Transcript.*

**Tradition or Truth**—There had been a certain amount of breeziness in the discussion, which centered around the relative virtue and accomplishment of the two sexes. "You men," said the advanced young woman, "think a great deal of yourselves because you think there is a shortage of your kind. Personally, I should not mind in the least living in a world where the men and girls were separated by an ocean." The daring bachelor smiled at her. "I daresay you are right," he agreed. "Still, in the event you mention, I'm certain that there would be a large number of women drowned."

—*London Morning Post.*

**Playing Safe**—The firm of Hansen & Fransen was started in wartime and did very well for a couple of years. But last year things were on the down grade, and the other day, when the two partners had finished making up their none-too-good record for the year, Hansen said: "This would make anyone thoughtful. Now that the good times are over, how about a little honest business?"

"No, thanks," said Fransen. "I never indulge in experiments."

—*Karikaturen (Christiania).*

**Sharp Fellows**—A certain lawyer was asked by an acquaintance how it was that lawyers contrived to remain on such friendly terms with each other, although they were famed for their cutting remarks.

The lawyer looked at him with a twinkle in his eye, and remarked:

"Yes, but they're like scissors; they only cut what comes between."

—*Japan Advertiser.*

**The High Authority**—The readers of the *Raleigh News and Observer* will get their first good laugh when Editor Josephus Daniels wants to quote somebody on something he thinks but doesn't know, and finding no one who will stand for the quotation, says, "An official high in the administration's confidence, who for obvious reasons cannot be mentioned by name, said to-day."—*Kansas City Star.*

**Existence Varied**—New Butler: At what time, sir, would you wish to dine as a rule?

Profiteer: What time do the best people dine?

New Butler: At different times, sir.

Profiteer: Very well. Then I too will dine at different times.—*Punch.*

**Unrepentant**—Hostess (to distinguished prelate): And what does your reverence think of the Germans?

Prelate: They resemble, alas, many of my beautiful parishioners. They always ask for absolution, but they never want to do any penance.

—*L'Illustration (Paris).*

**The Catchpenny Title**—Publisher (to author): The title of your book, "The Art of Staying Young," is a mistake; it won't catch on. Change it to "The Art of Growing Younger," and it will be a best seller.—*Fliegende Blätter (Munich).*

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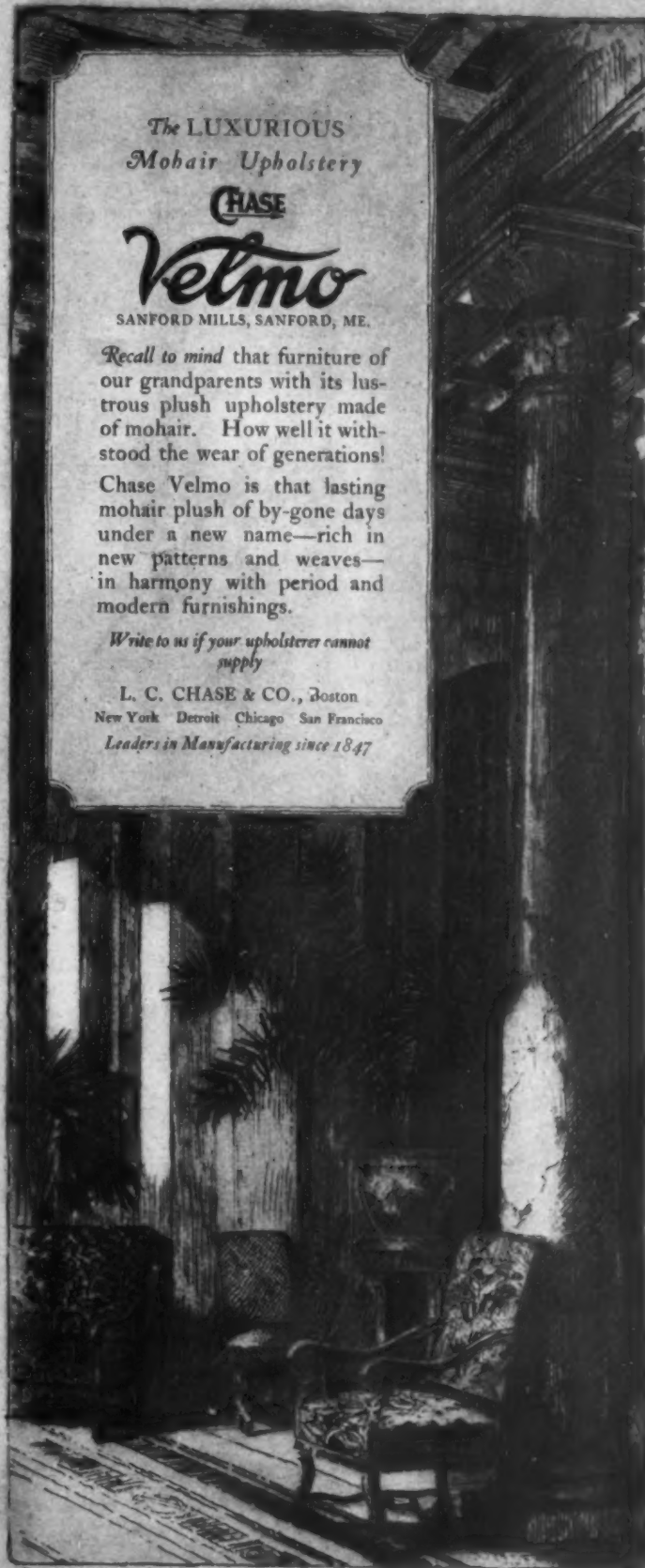
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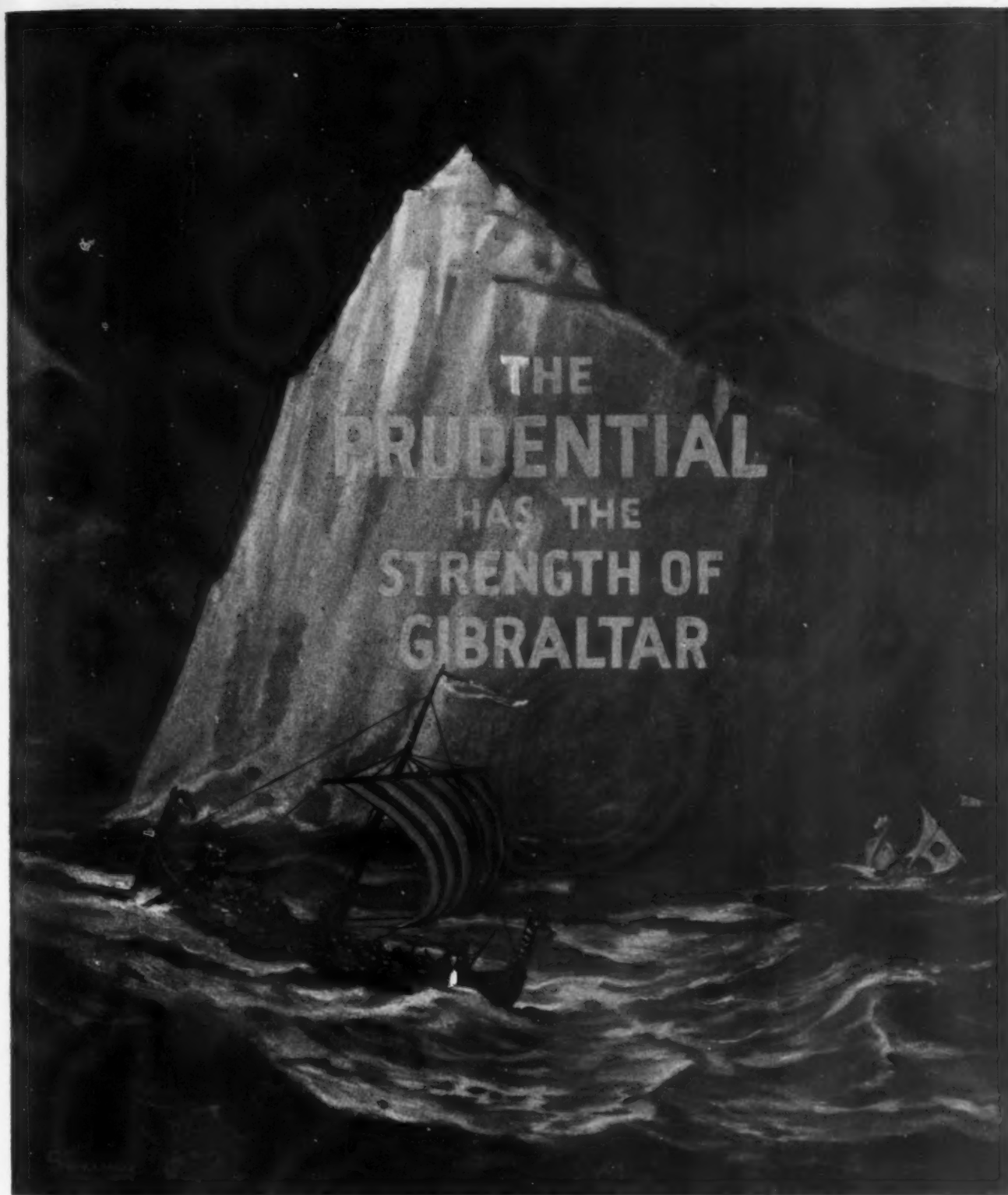
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P. 668

# If Pipes Could Talk *by BRIGGS*

<p>GEE! THIS IS 'A TOUGH LIFE — THE BOSS KEEPS FILLIN ME WITH AWFUL HARSH BITEY STUFF — I GET RED HOT SOMETIMES, DARN NEAR IT</p> 	<p>I BITE HIS TONGUE ALMOST OFF — AN' HE CUSSES — AN' AW! GEE! IT'S TERRIBLE — BEIN' A PIPE.</p> 	<p>AH — NOW TO COOL OFF A BIT — HE JUST WENT OUT FOR SOME MORE TOBACCO — MORE FUEL — I CALL IT.</p> 
<p>HELLO! HE'S CHANGED THE BRAND AGAIN. H-M-M-M — KINDA RICH — LIKE AGED-IN-THE-WOOD BURLEY — OUGHT TO BE GOOD</p> 	<p>SURE 'NUF — GEE WHIZ! THIS IS GR-R-R-RAND! IT'S VELVET!!</p> 	<p>SOME LIFE! THE KING'S BEEN SMOKIN' VELVET THREE MONTHS NOW. WE'RE CLUBBY AS STRING-BEANS. YOU OUGHT TO HEAR HIM BRAG!! HE THINKS IT'S ME — BUT I KNOW BETTER IT'S THE VELVET!!</p> 

*BRIGGS*

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